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Paul Fairbrook

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PAUL FAIRBROOK
1923 – 2017

Edited by Carolyn Chandler 2018

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INTRODUCTION

In order to fully understand the story of my life, I must tell you a little bit about my parents. My father Alvin was born in the small German town of Holzminden in 1892. Because of a broken elbow which never healed properly, he was unfit for military service. Instead, he became an apprentice to a local banker, a Mr. Weissenstein, who soon set him up with a branch office in the nearby town of Hildesheim. There he and the banker's son Heinz became partners. My Dad would go and visit the local farmers and give them loans for their operations. After a few years, my Dad bought out his partner and renamed the bank "Schöenbach & Co."

My mother, Lotte Cohn, was born in 1898 in Hannover, a county seat not far from either of the above-mentioned towns. Her father owned a successful lumber business, which included the ownership of forests in Russia. After the Russian Revolution in 1917, he lost all of his foreign possessions, but continued to run his business by supplying the German Army with lumber. One could say that the family was well off.

In those days, Jewish families had relatively little social contact with Christian families-but instead had close contact with other German-Jewish families of a similar income level. That is how my dad met Mother at a dance and began courting her. They got married in 1920 and soon thereafter moved to Berlin, where Dad became a member of the Berlin Stock Exchange. They built a grand house with a beautiful forested back yard in Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin. There my three siblings and I spent the first ten years of my life in relative comfort. Dad had employed a chauffeur, cook, maid and a nanny for us children. The nanny's name was Thea, and she came to us as a 16 year old girl and stayed with us until we left Germany in 1933. I met Thea again about 55 years later when, a widow, she invited my wife Peig and me to her apartment in Hannover.

CHAPTER 1. MY EARLY YEARS (1923-1943)

I remember very little about the first ten years of my life. I recall the first day of school, with my backpack and my exciting “Schultüte”, which was a cardboard cone filled with fresh fruit and candy designed to mitigate the fear of leaving home. I remember vaguely some skiing trips to Switzerland, and remember also a middle- aged governess who was beginning to suffer from Parkinson’s disease because her hands trembled all the time and who took us for walks in the Grúnewald forest. I recall, at the age of 8 or 9, participating with my brother Uri in a downhill ski race for children in a small village in Austria. I was # 32 and Uri was # 33. Because I was afraid of the ski jump on the downhill course, I made a wide detour and got to the bottom at about the same time that my mother did who had walked down from the starting gate. Needless to say, I came in last! Shortly before my 10th birthday, in 1933, we spent six months near Colmar, in Alsace-Lorraine, while my father tried to get exit visas in Berlin. These have largely faded from my memory –but that is where I first picked up a smattering of French – a language which has fascinated me ever since.

I remember, however, admiring my father as he drove us from France through the Alps, and through the tunnel to Italy, on our way to Palestine in 1934. We arrived in Haifa- went on to Jerusalem, and then drove down to Tel Aviv. Shortly after arriving there, Dad formed a disastrous partnership with two Hebrew engineers –of whom he later said: “When I first met them, I had the money and they had the experience. Three years later, they had the money and I had the experience!.” (Actually, Dad was only allowed to take one twentieth of his money out of Germany, so our funds even then were somewhat limited). We moved to a house on a hill in Ramat Gan which is now a suburb of Tel Aviv, but was then a small town separated from Tel Aviv by several miles of desert. I recall going down a large sandy hill and watching my Dad, in his tropical hat, working in the machine shop where they built large steel “scrapers” which were forerunners of the large earthmovers that one sees in use today. I also remember visiting with Arab nomads who would herd their camels very close to our house and who sometimes would let me climb up on one of them. One afternoon, Dad, Mom and we four children actually took a long hike to visit one of the nearby Arab villages, and I recall that, when we passed a small school, the Arab teacher had all the children stand up and greet us in Arabic. That was around 1935, i.e. about one year before relations between the Arabs and the Jews started to deteriorate. In 1937 my parents sent me to Ramatayim, because, as a 14 year old, I was somewhat difficult to control. I remember working hard during the day, and eating mostly chicken necks (which I detest to this day!). Some evenings I was allowed to take the donkey and ride the five miles to a nearby German-Jewish settlement called Ramot Hashavim, where I had an uncle and Aunt and several cousins. One of these, Raphael, was subsequently killed in the 1948 war of liberation.

After Dad's machine shop went bankrupt, we moved back to Tel Aviv, where my mother and brothers contracted typhoid fever. My sister and I were quarantined for six weeks in a children's home, and allowed to go out to the playground only in the evenings when the other children were already in the house.

When we left Palestine in 1937, I almost was not taken along with the rest of the family. Dad had made arrangements to leave on a certain ship, and when the whole family gathered for the departure, I was nowhere to be seen. Mother explained that I had "gone for ice cream cones". Actually, I had taken a bus to downtown, not realizing the time schedule and the gravity of the situation. Dad became more and more upset, and even suggested that he might leave me in Tel Aviv to stay with my grandmother (to follow later, presumably) and that the rest of the family would get on the ship. At the last minute, as they were all waiting for their bus to go to the harbor, my bus came from the opposite direction, and I stepped out with several ice cream cones in my hand. My father, furious with worry and anger, took one look at me, and slapped me so hard that the ice cream cones flew all the way across the street. This was perhaps the only time that I can remember my father slapping me. Once on board the ship and on the way to Yugoslavia, we stopped for a day at Piraeus, the port for Athens, and all my family except I left to see the Acropolis. I wasn't allowed to go because I wouldn't change from my khaki shorts into "knickers", which my dad considered more suitable. I recall watching the hawkers on the dock trying to sell us little wooden painted snakes while we were standing high above them on the ship. Dad then installed his family (i.e. Mother, Erika and we three boys) in Selca, a small village near Skofja Loka in Yugoslavia, while he went to Amsterdam to try and obtain visas for the United States, from an American consul supposedly sympathetic to the Jews. In Selca we attended Mass every Sunday, sitting upstairs near the organ, and all the people in the village were most kind and hospitable, even though they knew, of course, that we were Jewish. After Mass I would be allowed to set up bowling pins in the crude wooden bowling alley, for which I always earned a few coins as tips.

When we left Yugoslavia for Holland a few months later, we had an experience at the German border which I shall never forget. The shortest route from Slovenia to Holland was through Austria and Germany. My dad had visited Germany during the Olympics in 1936 –a time when Hitler courted favorable public opinion and suppressed anti-Semitic behavior. As soon as the Olympic Games were over, however, discrimination against Jews became worse than before. By 1937, the official policy of Germany was to force the Jews out of the country by a variety of means, including prohibition to work, to attend public events, confiscation of their property, etc. My parents were apparently not aware of this changed state of affairs. Since we all still had German passports and were still, technically, German citizens, Mother booked train passage through Germany (rather than the circuitous one through Italy and France) and even planned a leisurely visit with my uncle Fritz and his family in Cologne. We reached the

border late at night and a civilian passport inspector, with a monocle in one eye, pulled us off the train. We children sat on a bench outside a little office in the station. The office door has an opaque window, and the Nazi inspector started to yell at my mother. The inspector yelled at her and told her that if we were not out of the country within 24 hours, we would all be put into a concentration camp. All of us were scared to death – and even more so when we missed our connection in Cologne. Instead of visiting with my uncle Fritz, he had to hurry us from one platform to another, while my mother telegraphed the stationmaster at the Dutch border saying: “Die Familie Schönbach hat sich etwas verspätet “ (the Schönbach family will be a little late). Fortunately for us, the stationmaster at the other end turned out to be a kind and gentle man, and even held the connecting Dutch train for us so we could board it without delay!

Once in Holland, we were required to stay for at least six months to qualify for a visa to the U.S.A. My parents sent us to a kind of boot camp for young people who wanted to immigrate to Palestine. They were good to us there- but I remember having to dig some ditches to help drain the Zuidersee – - then a large lake which is now entirely solid land. I remember the tremendous celebration in the large square in Amsterdam when Queen Wilhelmina had daughter Beatrice – almost a month later than expected. A huge electric sign depicting a baby carriage was mounted on a tall building in the square.

The ten-day voyage on the freighter to New York in the Spring of 1938 was, as I remember, a lot of fun. There were only about a dozen passengers, and sometimes we ate at the table with the captain, who also let us boys in to the wheelhouse and help steer the ship. Upon arrival in New York we were ferried over to Ellis Island, much to the consternation of my father who thought he had valid entry visas. There was a ticklish moment when the immigration officer called my brother George (who was 10 at the time) and George was too timid to come up to his elevated bench. Dad, however, with quick presence of mind, went up to the bench and then called George who came running into his arms. After that, the officer smiled and let us proceed to the City. There we were welcomed by officials of H.I.A.S., the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society who put us up for one or two nights. I remember them being very kind, but I also remember the bed bugs – the only time in my life when I made contact with these disagreeable insects.

The next day, under the watchful eyes of our 17 year old sister, we three boys were allowed to go to the movies, while my parents searched for an apartment to rent. We went to see “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs” and I recall being absolutely captivated by that movie—I had never seen anything so exciting and beautiful in my whole life!

My parents found an apartment behind a small storefront on 96th street between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue. There my father used his extensive stamp collection to start a retail stamp business with a sign that said: “Shoenbach’s Stamp Exchange – Come in and Browse”. I think he omitted the “c”

from our name to sound more American! Unfortunately, soon after we opened someone came in one day and made off with a large book containing half of my father's entire stamp collection – about \$3,000 worth - a disappointment from which it took father a long time to recover. My father, however, was always resourceful and soon went out as a traveling salesman, selling other wholesalers' stamps to stamp businesses all over the U.S.A.

I have a number of memories from those first 2 years while living at home and finishing high school: I remember walking into the New York Office of Cornell University and asked to enroll, at 15, in their hotel management course. A kind person took me by the hand and walked me to another office which had a sign which I didn't understand. It said: "Truant Officer"! From there, someone took me to the nearest high school (which was Textile Straubenmueller High School on 17th street). A very fine counselor, a Mrs. Claxton, took an interest in me and guided me successfully until graduation two years later..

□ I remember that "Bickford's", a coffee shop at the corner, had two entrance doors – one from Amsterdam and the other from Broadway. I used to saunter in from one side, go past the counter where the saltine crackers lay in a basket, grab a handful and walk out the other door.

□ I remember the "Thalia" movie theatre, on the corner of 95th street and Broadway. The cost was 15 cents – and that often included a double feature. To get in, I did one of two things:

a. I tried to sneak in the side exit whenever a patron came out of it- but the ushers would see the daylight and usually catch me.

b. I took my shoeshine box and went to a bench on Broadway and shined three pairs of shoes – a nickel per customer – and then I could go to the movies.

□ To get to school I often hitchhiked on the West Side highway. That way I would save the 5 cents subway fare, and could spend it on a large Cream Soda, which consisted of a little cream, a bit of chocolate syrup and club soda – the most delicious drink I ever had! One day a man who gave me a ride turned out to be the owner of a very exclusive summer camp near Suffern, N.Y. When he heard my life story, he offered me a "job" as an assistant riding counselor –but I don't remember having to work very much. In retrospect it was an act of great kindness especially since I had never been on a horse in my life- only small, stubborn donkeys...) and I actually got a wonderful free camping experience out of this encounter. I even learned how to box – something which helped me a lot the following fall term when I returned to Textile High, where some students had troubled me the previous semester.

□ I helped earn a little money by doing various jobs: I worked in a fancy china shop until I dropped a vase; I delivered clothes for the cleaner next door; I would lug a pail of water two long blocks to Central Park West and convinced unsuspecting car owners to let me wash their cars for 50 cents (often

I tried to wash two cars with the same bucket of water and left the second car almost dirtier than I found it!)

□ Shortly after our arrival in New York, my parents bought an old player piano, the mechanism of which did not work. I remember spending two days inside that piano, and finally got it to work. We had gotten some rolls of music with it, and I played the piano with great gusto. That was the one (and only) time when my musical as well as my mechanical talents were put to good use.

□ My first “date”, at 16, was a girl of Italian descent named Angela d’Azzo. Why I remember her name, I don’t know, especially since our relationship was short-lived. After a couple of dates, I once called on her unexpectedly at noon and she came to the top of the stairs with her face all covered in face cream – that ended it right then and there – to this day I don’t know why she was so upset!

□ I remember being very excited on the day of the Joe Louis Max Schmeling fight. The whole neighborhood listened to the radio--- and everybody was cheering wildly for Joe Louis, because the rumor had it that Schmeling was a Nazi. In any case, Joe Louis knocked him out within a minute or two of the first round by a vicious blow to his mid-section and we could hardly wait until we saw the fight in the newsreel in the movies a week later!

When I graduated from Textile High in 1940, a gentleman named Frank Ludwig, the Executive Secretary of the International Geneva Association, helped me get a job at the Breakers Hotel in Atlantic City. The Geneva Association was an organization for waiters and headwaiters, and Mr. Ludwig’s name was given to me by someone in Amsterdam. At the Breakers I learned how to be a busboy – i.e. how to clean the tables for the waiters, how properly to carry a large oval tray full of dishes on my shoulder, and how to please my 3-4 waiters so that they would each give me 10-15% of their tips. I also learned how to jitterbug, since the hotel faced the famous Boardwalk, and a small juke box joint where young people danced was only a few steps away. The Breakers was a large, old hotel- built in the early part of the century and catering mostly to Jewish customers. One evening I read a poem which I had written to the telephone operator – not knowing that she had an affair with the hotel manager. The next day, however, I was summarily fired. I still have the poem. Four lines of it were my undoing:

“The front desk lurks right straight ahead
It seems to be quite large.
There you get a room with bed,
The bugs are free of charge.”

By this time the summer season was almost over, and I got a job the next day at a small hotel next door- the Pierrepont Hotel. I think I worked as a kind of night auditor – and stayed there for a few weeks until, one night, I helped a guest with their bags and received a tip. Unfortunately, the hotel’s

bellboy (a big man, as I recall) was still up and saw me and threatened to beat me up. So I took the easy way out, quit - and went back to New York City. Once there, Mr. Ludwig got me in touch with some waiters who were about to start working for the fall season at the Greenbrier Hotel, in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. The Greenbrier, with its hot springs and famous golf course, was- at the time, one of the fanciest hotels in the U.S.A. It was so formal, in fact, that when someone ordered Crepes Suzette, they turned out the lights in all the chandeliers while the flaming dessert was brought to the guest's table. There were two swinging doors leading from the Main Dining Room into the kitchen- each with a small round window in it. One day I was careless and let the first swinging door hit my tray and all the dishes crashed to the floor between the two doors. Through the small window I could see the maitre d' madly rushing towards me. I guessed that if he saw me, I would be fired on the spot. So I stepped over the dishes into the kitchen, entered the dining room through the other set of two doors, came up behind the maitre d' and asked, solicitously: "May I help you clean this up, Sir?" He answered: "Good boy!" and clapped me on the shoulder.

When the fall season was over, I accompanied the waiters to nearby Washington, D.C. where they convinced me to join Local #6 of the Hotel and Restaurant Union. I remember that the fee was \$15 – i.e. almost a week's wages. I immediately got a job at Hogate's Seafood Restaurant, a well-known and expensive restaurant in Southwest Washington. I managed to convince a retired old lady to rent me a room less than a block from Hogate's and was happy with my job as a busboy for \$16/week plus tips. On off-days I often worked as a banquet waiter at most of Washington's fancy hotels, like the Wardman Park, the Shoreham, the Willard, and the Ambassador. At some of these, the kitchen was a floor below the large ballroom and the waiters had to climb a whole set of stairs, with a tray loaded with 8 dinners! Not only was that great exercise, but my previous experience as a busboy surely helped me at those occasions. While at Hogate's I also developed a crush on the hostess, whose name was June, who was 30 years old and, to my mind, gorgeous! She soon married the restaurant's owner, Mr. Watson, and I confessed my crush to her 22 years later, when I had become the Dean of the Culinary Institute of America and she and her husband met me at a Washington function. After a few months at Hogate's, I decided that I needed to vary my experience if I were to become a hotel manager, which was my goal at the time. I thus got a job as an accountant at a small business called the Vita Health Food Company, which was an early forerunner of the health food stores we have today. I remember drinking a lot of free carrot juice on the job. I also remember buying my breakfasts at a coffee shop next door- where I usually ordered the Special: Orange Juice, two eggs, toast and coffee for 25 cents! I also remember working for a couple of weeks as a Room Service Order Clerk at the Carlton Hotel, the most expensive hotel in Washington. However, when the Room Service Manager found out that I was Jewish, I was immediately terminated. That was the only time in my life, since coming to the U.S.A., when I personally experienced

outright anti-Semitism. I spent the last few months in Washington as a waiter in the Top Hat Restaurant of the Ambassador Hotel on 16th & “K” streets. All I remember from that experience is that once, when serving a young pair of newlyweds, I suggested slyly to the bride that she might like to order a dozen oysters, and gave a wink to the bridegroom—that got me a very large tip!

In the summer of 1941 I finally went to Cornell University and took a summer course at its by-then-famous hotel school. Professor Donald Meek, its founder, was my lecturer and I was certain then that I would become a hotel manager. When I returned to New York City in the fall, my parents had moved to an apartment at 425 W. 57th street, between 9th and 10th avenues. Back then it was an average residential neighborhood – but today it is the address of a most prestigious office building! I got a job as a key clerk at the Park Central Hotel on 57th street near Central Park. A key clerk is one step below that of a room clerk. I recall two important events from my work at the Park Central:

1. I was partly asleep leaning over the front desk at noon on December 6th when word came of Pearl Harbor.

2. I was asked to accompany Barbara Wells, the daughter of a famous newspaper columnist who lived in the Penthouse of the hotel, to a formal dance. Proud as a peacock, I hired a tuxedo and a car, and with the gorgeous Barbara in tow, I paraded through the lobby to show off my prize. The next morning I was called into the office of the Office Manager, a Mr. Miller, who informed me that the hotel policy prohibited employees fraternizing with the guests. When I told him that this was “a free country”, he proved it to me by giving me a pink slip and I was summarily fired.

Fortunately for me, jobs were easy to get. I immediately got a job as a night auditor at the Franklin Towers hotel, a small residential hotel on the upper West side. One of my duties was to be able to work the switchboard. When asked if I knew how to do it, I had answered affirmatively- even though I had never even been near one. The daytime operator, a kind lady, showed me the basics and told me, among other things, to watch a certain light and to answer that one immediately, since it belonged to the hotel manager. That night, when his light came on, I concentrated on that line, even though many other lights came up. As I was concentrating, I heard a voice behind me saying: “Just what do you think you are doing?” ...and that was the hotel manager. But he was a nice fellow and didn’t fire me and after a while I got the hang of it and did a pretty good job. I worked at the Franklin Towers until the following summer (1942), at which time I applied for a job as a night auditor at Saranac Inn, a very fancy summer resort in the Adirondacks. It was what was then called a “restricted” hotel, which means that no Jews were allowed. Because of my earlier experience at the Carlton hotel, I of course did not let on that I was Jewish. However, my experience at the Franklin Towers was not sufficient for me to be able to be a night auditor at a large place like Saranac Inn, and after a week or so it became clear that I could not handle the job. I was allowed to switch to becoming a room service waiter –which actually was much more

remunerative than the meager salary of a night auditor. I recall once serving breakfast to a lady in her thirties who was sitting up in bed in her pink negligee and asking that I put the tray right on her bed –and who then put her hand on mine. Being truly innocent at 19, I blushed and hightailed it out of that room as fast as possible. (One of those “missed opportunities” that one can never forget, nor make up!).

When the season ended in the Adirondacks, I returned to New York City and got a job, this time as a full-fledged room clerk, at the Madison Hotel, on 56th street near Madison Avenue. The Madison was partly a residential, and partly a transient hotel. Its most famous guest at the time was Arthur Rubinstein. He always wanted \$5 in change ready for him when he came down in the mornings. Once I got a complaint from a guest about a lot of piano playing in the room above her. I told her, solicitously: “Yes, madam, I will tell Arthur Rubinstein that his playing disturbs you!” and she, flustered, replied: “Arthur Rubinstein? Oh well, never mind!” At about that time I decided to volunteer for the U.S. Army. I was told, however, that as an “enemy alien” (i.e. German descent) I could not volunteer but would have to wait to be drafted. So I stayed at the Madison until I got the draft notice, and early in January 1943 I reported to Camp Upton and joined the Army.

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CHAPTER 2. MILITARY SERVICE (1943-1946)

Camp Upton was a cold, windy place way out in Long Island, and, dressed only in my thin double-breasted civilian suit, I was cold when I arrived. I recall waiting in a long line out on a snow-covered field, slowly inching my way up to a small house at the top of the hill. When arriving there 45 minutes later I found out that it was a latrine! Even if I had had to go, I was so frozen by that time that the effort would have been useless. That was my introduction to the U.S. Army. Shortly after that, we had to go for some shots. Waiting for the shots, we were told to “watch the hook”, and that the immunization shots would be given by means of a large hook. That was just part of the initiation procedure, but a big fellow in front of me fainted just at the thought of it. We then got what was then called a “long arm inspection”. Doctors made sure that we didn’t have any venereal diseases, and also showed us what were called “Mickey Mouse pictures”, i.e. movie shorts depicting these diseases so graphically that they were to erase any thoughts that some of us might have had about future sexual intercourse. They also issued us kits to protect against such diseases (“just in case”).

A couple of days later I was sent to Fort McClellan, Alabama for basic training. I remember learning how to shoot an M-1 rifle. We learned in groups of two, and once, when lining up a target through my gun sight, I saw a fly sitting on top of the gun at the end of the sight. This struck me as immensely funny, and I laughingly pointed it out to my partner. I couldn’t stop laughing, even when the Second Lieutenant came up behind me to find out what was going on. As a result, I had to wash all the windows in the barracks, but eventually I got my Marksmanship medal – the only medal I ever earned, and deserved, in the U.S. Army. My 6 weeks of basic training was mercifully cut short when, three weeks later, I was sent to Camp Ritchie, Maryland. Camp Ritchie is located in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Waynesboro, PA, very close to the current presidential compound Camp David. It was designated to become the Military Intelligence Training Center, where they would train interrogators of P.O.W.’s (prisoners-of-war) and other intelligence specialists. When I arrived, the barracks were not yet complete, and the Master Sergeant, a Sergeant Ost, could not accommodate every soldier who was being sent to him. So he decided to give some men a three day pass- based on who had not had a pass for the longest time. When it became my turn, I said: “Sergeant, I have not

had a pass since joining the Army!” and, full of pity, he gave me one and I returned home to New York City for a weekend to the great surprise of my whole family.

Prior to leaving the camp, I walked by the camp switchboard, which was just like the one I operated at the Franklin Towers. I so informed the Signal Corps lieutenant in charge, and upon returning to Camp Ritchie I was happily assigned to the switchboard. Not only did I thus escape “K.P.” (i.e. kitchen duty), but we worked one hour on and one hour off and it was the easiest job I ever had in my whole life.

This leisure ended however, when I was placed in Class No. 4 of the Military Intelligence School. There we had 3 months of fairly rigorous training –learning how to interrogate prisoners of war. We also went on exercises, where some of us were assigned to the “Blue Army” (i.e. the American unit) and some to the “Red Army” (i.e. the Germans). The job was to capture and interrogate German prisoners. Sometimes we were also dropped at night time in unfamiliar territory and, with compass and arithmetic calculations, we were to find our way back to camp. In Camp Ritchie I met Joe Winter, who by that time was already a sergeant, and brought him home with me on weekend passes, since he had no family in the U.S. We became very close friends - a friendship which has lasted until he passed away.

Three months after my induction into the Army, my status was changed from being an “enemy alien” to that of a naturalized citizen. At the advice of my father, my brother Uri and I used the occasion to change our name from Schoenbach to Fairbrook – (“schoen” is “fair” and “bach” is “brook”) --a move that was followed by Dad and the rest of the family a year later, when they all became naturalized citizens. His reasoning was that Schoenbach was too hard for Americans to pronounce (my brother Uri changed his mind a few months later, and reverted back to his original name).

Upon completing my course, I was expecting to be assigned to an infantry unit as a POW interrogator. As luck would have it, however, I was sent – along with a few others, to the Pentagon and assigned to what was then called M.I.R.S , i.e. the Military Intelligence Research Section of the War Department General Staff G-2. This assignment proved to be one of the most important and helpful experiences in my entire life, since it prepared me for college in a way that I could not even guess at the time.

The job of M.I.R.S. was to publish a book called The Order of Battle of the German Army, commonly called the “Red Book”. This book contained a number of chapters, including some entitled “Types of Units”, “Unit Histories”, “Tables of Identified Units”, and “Roster of Senior Officers”. There were approximately 18 enlisted men and three officers assigned to M.I.R.S. and except for myself and another young soldier

15

(Dieter Kober), all were considerably older and all were college graduates. This became important to me only in that it awakened in me the desire to go to college- something which had not been clear to me before that time. Most of the enlisted men were German-Jewish, while the officers were American-born and could speak German only haltingly.

Our job at M.I.R.S. was to study German documents captured in North Africa, including “Soldbücher” (pay records) which every German soldier carried with him. In these books were marked all the units to which he had been assigned – similar to the passports which we use today. We also read the

“Allgemeine Heeresmitteilungen” (German Army Bulletins). From these documents we were able to identify the various military units, learn about the weapons they had, the places they had been, the commanders they had, and other information which could prove useful to American officers once they encountered these units in combat. I was assigned to write the chapter on “Types of Units”. By compiling large card files on every unit identified, we were able, after a while, to know quite a lot about these units – especially since the Germans are so notoriously punctilious that they almost never forgot to enter the data which we were so eagerly seeking.

We lived in a camp which was formerly (and now again) called Fort Hunt, an old military camp half way between Alexandria, VA and Mt. Vernon, George Washington’s birthplace. During the war, it had been renamed “P.O.Box 1142”, so as not to give potential spies an idea of its location. In that camp there were installed small prison cages, equipped with listening devices which were connected to a central listening post. Some German prisoners were thrown into these cages, and then joined by other “prisoners” who were actually graduates of Camp Ritchie. Soon these German prisoners would spill out their hearts to their imagined fellow soldiers, and all that information was dutifully collected by American soldiers at the listening posts. Whether anything really important was ever discovered I don’t know personally but. I do know that the last version of the, “Red Book” was not published until March 1945, by which time the war with Germany was practically over.

Life at P.O.Box 1142 was like life in a research organization. We got up at a reasonable hour, made our beds, had breakfast, and then went over to our large office barracks where each of us had a desk with card files, documents and a typewriter. Each had a specific chapter to write. To make certain that we knew how to write properly, we had the benefit of a Mr. Tucker, a civilian who went around to each of us and taught us how to organize our material. His lessons were like a three-year private tutoring experience, and by the time I attended college, I already knew how to write and was therefore excused from all the “bonehead English” courses.

On weekends, I would go to Washington D.C., eating dinner at the Jewish U.S.O. (the best food), dancing at the Knights of Columbus U.S.O. or the Stage Door Canteen U.S.A. (the best dancing) and sleeping at the Lutheran U.S.O. (the best free beds). By that time I was a pretty good dancer (especially the “Lindy Hop” or “Jitterbug”), and even won a three-day pass at a dance contest at our camp. I remember that sometime during that period I met a lovely girl at a ballroom in New York City named Harriett Bobinski. She was a terrific dancer, and I really enjoyed my dates with her – except that she lived all the way in Brooklyn, and it would take an extra couple of hours to take her home and take the long subway ride back into Manhattan. Even though we really liked each other, in those days there was no question- on either side – of a Jewish boy marrying a Polish-Catholic girl. How strange that seems to me today!

Even then my interest in food service became evident. I got the idea of collecting the morning oranges from everyone in the group and then, around 10 a.m. I would take these into the latrine and, using the sink, I would split the oranges and squeeze them into a fresh orange drink for everyone. Most of the men liked this attention but one, Rolf Linn (a future university professor of German Literature) who had to clean up my mess, wasn't so sure. He wrote a poem which I have treasured to this day:

Have A Drink, Fellows

"Have a drink, fellows

Have an orange drink", he says; Thusly it goes

Just like that

"Have a cool orange drink."

And he smiles winningly.

Time comes to clean up Oranges everywhere; On the tables

In the toilet

On the doors

The walls, the mirrors,

And everybody rushes, and tries it, and likes it. Oranges pressed

James calmly declares it alright., And that is praise.

And Sternberg, with awkward sobriety

decides to promote

The friendship with Fairbrook. "Fairbrook", he says.,

"For se summer will you my friend be For nobody else

Provides such liquid welfare"!

But who is C.Q.* I.----

Oranges hung Oranges spilled

Oranges fried, boiled

Hashed, under water, On trees.

And I sigh and cleanup.

And I think of tomorrow.

"Have a drink" Fairbrook will say

"Have a cool. Fairbrookish orange drink"!

And all smiles and good words And pats on the back will be his.

Under

*CQ=Charge of Quarters-i.e. the person who cleans up the barracks

I recall that on June 6, 1944, when the Allies stormed the Normandy beaches, the Military Intelligence Division at the Pentagon decided to move offices, as an apparent attempt to mislead any potential spies. I recall Dieter and I pulling up with a big Army truck and “requisitioning” a number of desks and desk chairs that were out in the hall and bringing them back to our barracks to the great jubilation of my comrades. About a month later a number of us were sent to London to help process German documents for the War Office. My first airplane trip, on a C-47 with bucket seats on the side, took us over Iceland and Scotland to London. My friend Dieter Kober and I were put up at the Strand Hotel – a 2- or 3-star hotel in the middle of downtown. Dieter and I had a system: Whenever there was a pin in the door, the other person was not allowed to go in. Dieter used the system more often than I did. Besides the pin system, I remember going up on the roof to watch the V-1 pilotless rockets flying overhead – gliding silently over the London skies and then crashing with a bang somewhere far away in other parts of the City. We were assigned to interpret German documents in the War Office. That, however, lasted only a few weeks, when we were hurriedly shipped back to the states, because our officers at the Pentagon couldn’t really manage without us – the experienced German speaking non-coms. I remember spending a couple of months working on a research paper entitled: “Political Indoctrination and Morale-Building in the German Army”. It was well received in the Pentagon, and I received a letter of recommendation as a result.

WAR DEPARTMENT MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE 31 December 1945

WASHINGTON 25. D. C

SUBJECT: Commendation for Services

TO Technical Sergeant Paul Fairbrook German Military Documents Section
Camp Ritchie, Maryland

1. It is desired that you be commended for your exceptionally efficient and faithful performance of services to the Military Intelligence Service -While serving with Washington Branch, Military Intelligence Research Section, and with the German Military Documents Section.

2. In September 1944, you were placed in charge of a research desk in Washington Branch, MIRS. studying the organization and functions of the German High Command. You applied yourself so brilliantly and so diligently to this work that you soon became an expert on the subject. You made valuable contributions to the Order of Battle texts produced by the Military Intelligence Service, and supplied much useful information to other research sections.

3. Since July 1945, you have been assigned to the German Military Documents Section, Camp Ritchie. Your duties there have been similar to those you previously performed, and your manner of performance has been similarly outstanding. You have served as one of the chief consultants to the High

Command research group in that organization, and your contributions to that project have been invaluable.

4. Your keen mind, interest in your work, and devotion to duty make you deserving of high commendation. The example you have set has been an inspiration to your group; and is greatly appreciated.

5. A copy of this letter- is being placed in your official file.

P.E. PEABODY, Brigadier General, GSC Chief, Military Intelligence Service

Shortly after VE-Day (May 8, 1945) we were transferred back to Camp Ritchie, where we had been trained two years earlier, to become part of a new intelligence unit called the German Military Documents Section (GMDS). Our job there was to organize all the captured documents into some sort of permanent library. We were commanded then by a Colonel Blunda – who really lived up to his name! He fraternized with captured German officers as if they were his long-lost buddies, much to the chagrin of us German-Jewish soldiers. When Col. Blunda offered me a civilian job several months after my discharge in 1946, I wrote to him: “If I accepted your offer, I would not receive the respect to which my status as a civilian now entitles me.” My twin brother Uri (who had earlier broken his leg at Officer’s Candidate School in Ft. Benning, Georgia) had joined our outfit by then (it’s amazing what strings you can pull if you’re stationed in the Pentagon!) and we spent the remaining time of our military service together.

I was discharged on April 21, 1946 at Camp George G. Meade, N.J., but not until after a highly skilled Connecticut Dentist gave me a new bridge which lasted over 40 years!

CHAPTER. 3. COLLEGE YEARS (1946-1950)

When I returned home, I decided to take advantage of the G.I. Bill right away and applied for admission to the hotel school at Cornell University. The G.I. Bill was probably the most enlightened piece of legislation ever passed by the U.S. Congress – and for me, it was the opportunity of a lifetime! In addition to the government paying all my tuition, they also gave me a living allowance of approximately \$100/month- thus making college easily affordable, especially if I worked part-time after school. At Cornell, there were many more applicants for the hotel school than available spaces, and I was turned down. I then applied to Brown University in Providence, where an army buddy, David James, had taken a post as a professor of French.

I also registered for a summer course at Laval University in Quebec City. I had always loved French, had learned some in Alsace Lorraine in 1933, and then some more in high school. In Quebec I was referred to a family that lived several miles out of town, but had a large family as well as a large swimming pool. In school we were asked to speak only French, and thus I got a great re-introduction to this beautiful language (which I am studying even now!).

Back in New York City, my first wish was to buy a car. I bought a 1937 Hudson Terraplane for \$300, and had an accident the first time I drove it. A taxi driver wanted to cut in on my right and I, being new at this, decided not to let him. He ripped off a part of my right fender – then had me follow him to his company yard, paid me \$15 to get the fender welded, and I went off, wiser than before. Shortly thereafter, I received word in the morning mail that my application to Brown had also been rejected. As soon as I read the letter, I called the Admissions Office at Brown and requested a personal interview. In fact, I asked if I could come right away, that very same day, and promised to be there before 4 P.M. I caught the next train out of Grand Central station. On the train, I shared my story with a fellow passenger, a slightly older man and a Yale graduate. He advised me to stress my status as an immigrant, and to say how I had always wanted to go to Brown because it represented the very best traditions of America. During the subsequent interview, I followed his example, and also explained to the Admissions Officer why I was good in English and bad in Math. Three days later I was admitted and was ready to attend Brown University.

When leaving for Providence, I was accompanied by my army buddy Dieter Kober, whose Aunt lived in Connecticut. That was fortunate, because an hour out of New York, one of the pistons in my “new” car went through the side of the engine. I stayed with Dieter’s Aunt for three days, while my car was being repaired. Arriving in Providence I went to the Sheraton Hotel and applied for a job as a waiter. Then I had to find a room –and then had a stroke of luck which affected my entire college experience. Not knowing just where to start, I entered a ladies’ beauty shop very close to the campus. With my “ruptured

duck” pin in my lapel (the pin was worn by all veterans) I asked the assembled ladies where I could find a room near campus. One of them suggested that I try the “Hope Club” – that perhaps they might have a room for me. The lady clearly did not realize that the Hope Club was an exclusive City club, and that any rooms they had to let would be reserved for its members- i.e. the cream of Providence Society! The club was located in a three-story building one block from campus. I introduced myself to the manager, a Mr. Ed Clarke and told him my situation. To my delight, he offered me a part time job as a cocktail waiter (Mondays through Fridays from 4-30 to 8:30 p.m. and Saturdays from 9 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.). He suggested furnishing a small dressing room on the third floor, next to the kitchen, and giving me room, board, and \$20 per week! I was thrilled with that offer, and moved in immediately. This job turned out to be an absolute delight. The Chef was Swiss, the bartenders and waitresses Irish, Mr. Clarke was respected and liked by everyone and the member’s wishes were sacrosanct. The best was that in the evenings, after dinner, I had the third floor all to myself. I could play classical music while reading Shakespeare or practice my clarinet. I was allowed to take any food I wanted out of the kitchen. Huge ice cream sundaes were my specialty.

Originally, I had intended to major in Business. Having been excused from having to take “Bonehead English”, however, I had been placed in a course entitled “Classical Literature in Translation”, taught by an eminent classics scholar, Professor Herbert Newell Couch. It was thanks to Professor Couch that I changed my major to Comparative Literature. He was such an inspirational teacher, and such a kind and caring gentleman, that he aroused passions in me that I didn’t even know were there. When he lectured about Homer and the similes in the Iliad, he brought the whole epic poem to life, and I couldn’t get enough of it. The fact that I got an “A” in his class may also have helped me decide.

I had a number of marvelous professors, specifically my friend David James and Prof. Sylvan in French, Professor Detlev Schumann in German, Dr. Chisholm in Philosophy and Professor Anderson in English Literature. It was Dr. Anderson, the chairman of the English Department who, when I presented him with a suggested four year course of study in Comparative Literature, agreed to excuse me from the Math course normally required from all the students. I remember the fascination with which we listened to Dr. Schumann lecture about Thomas Mann’s “Buddenbrooks”, and our surprise when he and we realized that he had talked an hour longer than the scheduled class time. After my freshman year I entered the “honors program”, which meant that I had access to the library stacks in the John Hay library- something normally not given to undergraduate students. This meant that I could really browse through the various stacks and make my book reports more comprehensive. In my junior year I wrote a comparative study of the “Iphigenia” of Euripides and the “Iphigenia” of Goethe. Even though I had written it in German for Dr. Schumann’s class, Dr. Couch agreed to read it as well, and as a result I won “The First Rosenberger Prize in Comparative Literature” which, in addition to the honor, also came with

a cash prize of \$50 (See Appendix “A”). When today I re-read some of my term papers, I realize the richness of the education in the humanities to which I was exposed, and lament the drastic decline of this type of education in today’s American universities. Some of these papers are:

- ☐ Romanticism – Its meaning and its influence in the Victorian era
- ☐ The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood
- ☐ The Justification of Religious Beliefs
- ☐ Sympathy in the character portrayal of Gustave Flaubert
- ☐ Freud and Werther – a psychological analysis of Goethe’s “Werther”
- ☐ Tony Buddenbrook- A character study
- ☐ The Conflicting views of democracy in the Victorian era
- ☐ On the influence of Shakespeare in Germany
- ☐ On the similarities and differences of ethical theories and how to reconcile them

I belonged to a group of students most of whom were veterans and therefore several years older than today’s average college student. We were serious about our education and anxious to begin our careers. Social life during my college years was therefore at a minimum. Except for an occasional movie, dance, or symphony concert, and some evenings in spirited discussions with others about the state of the world, we spent our time either in class, working, or studying. I got drunk only once during those years, and recall barely making my way to the school infirmary, where they allowed me to sleep it off.

The Hope Club did not need my services during the summer. In the spring of 1947 I had answered an ad from the Thos. Cook Travel Agency for a tour escort. Because of my previous hotel background, I was hired right away and spent the next three summers in this interesting and challenging job. My job was to lead a group of 20- 30 adults (some with teenage children) on two or three-week tours around the country and through some of the national parks. Most of the travel was in Pullman rail cars, supplemented by buses and, in Seattle, by overnight ferries to Vancouver. I did not have to know anything about the places we visited. Rather my job was to be the Thos. Cook representative, take care of the luggage, the reservations, and anything necessary to make these tours an agreeable experience for everyone. On a typical 3-week tour, I would meet the group in Chicago at noon, take the overnight train in air-conditioned Pullman cars to Denver. Then we would board a bus to Estes National Park and Granby to board the “Zephyr” train to Salt Lake City, Zion and Bryce Canyon. From there we would go on to Los Angeles. After a day in L.A. we would take a Parlor Coach bus to Yosemite National Park, and from there to San Francisco. Thereafter, by train to Portland, by bus to Paradise Inn and on to Seattle. From Seattle we would take the overnight ferry to Victoria and Vancouver. Finally, we would take the train to Banff and Lake Louise, and then back to Chicago, where we would arrive in the early morning. I would

then have 4 hours to get my laundry, pick up my mail, and then meet the next tour at noon. It was a hectic schedule, but very exciting. I recall some unusual events:

On one tour, all of the tourists were college graduates except for one man. He was sitting all alone, and no one bothered to talk with him because he did not seem “educated” –and because he was “merely a retired train conductor”. Noticing this, and noting how often he pulled out his big pocket watch, I announced to the group that he would be the “official time keeper” . Soon people started to talk with him, found out how much he knew about every inch of the line, and soon he was the most popular man in the group! The following were some of my experiences as a tour conductor;

In Omaha, where we had to change dining cars at 7 a.m. one of my tourists, a judge, became furious because he had to wait for his coffee until the new car was coupled on-- about 90 minutes later.

In Salt Lake City, where I had to complain to the local head of the Southern Pacific Railroad because the air-conditioning of our sleeper had gone out.

At Zion National Park, where I handed out to each of my group a bag of fresh cherries (purchased the night before and washed in my hotel bathtub).

In Granby, Colorado, when our train (with the dining car) was 4 hours late and I found a small coffee shop which served all of us beautiful 16 oz. Sirloin Steaks. My tourists spent the rest of the time riding a Merry-go-Round in that little village, eating cotton candy and hearing stories from the local station-master. That turned out to be the best part of the entire tour!

In Vancouver, where we boarded the trans-continental train at 6 p.m. and I had all my group go directly into the dining car (instead of to their seats) thus saving them a 1 to 2-hour wait for dinner.

In Banff, where the hotel had only bathtubs. Two of my ladies had asked for showers and I could not supply them and they reported my to the head office for incompetence!

During a stopover in Los Angeles, I visited Conrad Hilton and asked him to give me a job when I finished school. He was very friendly, and told me to contact him upon graduation.

These three summers were an altogether marvelous preparation for my future career, in that it taught me how to deal with the public, how to satisfy all kinds of divergent needs, and how to be diplomatic when necessary. Here is one letter written to me by a Cook's tourist. Another letter can be found in Appendix “B”. The reader can decide whether or not I have changed over the years:

February 11, 1949

Hotel Greeters of America

1 N. La Salle Bldg.,

Chicago, 2, Ill. Att: Mr. H. Franklin Miller

Gentlemen:

Answering yours of the 9th re Mr. Paul Fairbrook.

It is a pleasure to advise you that I have found Mr. Paul Fairbrook to be a young man of high character, clean living habits, high moral ideals and unusual abilities.

He is keen of mind, aggressive, yet possessing modesty and humility unfortunately found in too few young men today. He is gracious, tactful, diplomatic possessing a sense of humor that should stand him in good stead thru the years. He has a warmth and friendliness that attracts people to him and holds their friendship.

I can think of no other young man better endowed by Nature to make a desirable and valued addition to any Hotel organization.

Given the opportunity he will prove his worth.

Trusting that this information will be of assistance to you in evaluating the applicant in question, I am

Yours very truly, Thomas Bohr

In my senior year at Brown I enrolled in an Honors Seminar on the Victorian Era. There were about eight of us in the class. One of them was a quiet, very pretty girl named Margaret Vogt. She was actually a graduate student at Pembroke (Brown's sister college for women) and she read a paper about Dante Gabriel Rossetti - a painter in the last half of the 19th Century. Several seminar students started to take issue with something she read, but I went spiritedly to her defense. I then asked her out to dinner. As I recall, I spent the whole evening talking about my Hamlet paper, and she did most of the listening, only once in a while giving her opinion on the subject. Whatever she did, it really must have impressed me, because the next day I told my friends at the Hope Club that I had met the girl I was going to marry! Eventually my enthusiasm after that first date cooled a bit, and I convinced myself that I was merely failing in love with the idea of failing in love. Margaret and I got to be close friends nevertheless, and went out a number of times until I finished school in January 1950 and left for New York City to start my career in the hotel business. While at Brown I also became good friends with a young woman who worked as a librarian. Her name was Lucille Gambuto. She and I have remained good friends until she passed away.

One incident about Margaret and myself is worth telling since, I believe, it was the perfect squelch to my somewhat elevated ego: When I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in my Senior year, I offered, with a grandiose gesture, to let her wear my Phi Beta Kappa key. She replied quietly: "I don't

need yours, I have one of my own!'. This response so deflated me that I never wore my key, even though I had bought an expensive gold chain, so I could show off the key in my vest pocket!

Just before graduation, I was nominated for a Woodrow Wilson fellowship. This would have paid all of my expenses involved in obtaining a Master's degree, but it also required, as I recall, that I would have to teach English for a year or two thereafter. Since I had my heart set on becoming a hotel manager, I declined this tempting offer.

Both of my parents attended my June graduation, with all the pomp and ceremony that is the mark of Ivy Schools (procession up through the University gate, assembly on the College Green, etc. etc.

CHAPTER 4. BACHELOR DAYS (1950-1951)

When I contacted Conrad Hilton after finishing college, he sent me for an interview with his brother-in-law Dean Carpenter, who was the General Manager of the Roosevelt Hotel, a large 1200 room hotel near Grand Central Station in New York. He offered me a position as Room Clerk - a job for which one surely did not require a B.A. degree! I soon convinced Mr. Carpenter that I could do better than that, and he, based on my hoped-for contact with Thos. Cook & Son, promoted me to "Special Groups Representative". The title was great, the money was lousy, and I was not particularly successful in attracting group business. Only one good thing happened to me during those 10 months at The Roosevelt: Margaret Vogt walked into the lobby one day, to tell me that she had accepted a job at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, and had moved in with her best friend Freda. Naturally we started dating again - but I still was not ready to propose to anyone, even to Margaret whom, by that time, I liked a great deal. While at Brown, I had applied for and received a commission as a 2d Lieutenant in National Guard. This was just a paper transaction, and I never had to report for duty. However, in the summer of 1950, as the U.S. losses in North Korea mounted, I was suddenly promoted to 1st Lieutenant and told to hold myself ready to go to Korea. I then resigned from the Hotel Roosevelt, and volunteered to go overseas immediately. However, true to Army bureaucracy, they would not let me do the sensible thing and merely asked that I remain "ready to go" on a moment's notice. Since my future was now uncertain, I surely had no intention to get involved in any serious relationship. In fact, because I had begun to care for Margaret a lot, I decided to leave New York City and go to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where a former flame from Providence, Frances, was now living. To be sure that I was doing the honorable thing, I even wrote a "Dear Jane" letter to Margaret, telling her of my uncertain future and freeing her from any attachment to me (she later told me that my letter, rather than making her feel relieved, just infuriated her!). In Ann Arbor, I answered an ad for waitresses at the Alenel Hotel, was hired immediately, and rented a small room near the University. I got permission from the Army to enroll in the Graduate School for Business and thus took several courses in addition to my work at the hotel. Then, in the Spring of 1951, my younger brother George suddenly became ill. I rushed to New York to see him and, not surprisingly, asked to see Margaret. I still remember spending hours talking with her in Central Park and realizing that I still cared for her. Nevertheless, I returned to Ann Arbor and continued my job, my studies, and my friendship with Frances.

At the end of the Spring Semester I saw a job bulletin by the AC Spark Plug Division of General Motors in Flint for a Government Contract Representative. That sounded very impressive to me. I applied and got the job. Little did I realize what a low-level clerical position had accepted, and how soul-destroying it was to work for a large company like General Motors. GM was recruiting the top students in

college, and then assigned them duties so monotonous and unchallenging that anyone with even a little bit of self-confidence could not possibly stand it for an extended period of time. Once, when I dictated a letter which began: "in accordance with ..." I was told that at GM Spark Plug all letters were to start with "pursuant to ...". At another occasion, my boss, a Mr. Kirk, who was a member of the Flint City Council, told me that he was about to vote against the upcoming F.E.P.C. (Fair Employment Practices) legislation, but wanted me to research the subject and give him arguments why he wanted to vote against it. As I looked into it, I became more and more convinced that F.E.P.C. was a good thing, but not wanting to lose my job, I had to give him what he wanted, although I did tell him I disagreed with his position. All I did at AC Spark Plug is to review documents about the Bomb Sight we were building, prepare items for Air Force approval, take them down to Detroit and to the Wright-Patterson Air Force base, wait until the contract was signed and then return the contract to our office.

The best thing that happened to me during those few months was a letter I received from Margaret that she would be visiting her mother in Wisconsin Dells. I borrowed some money from Frances for the trip, and drove the 300 miles to Wisconsin to visit Margaret and to meet some of her family (i.e. brother Jack and sister Hazel). Margaret and I then spent the whole night talking -and I was beginning to think that perhaps she would be the right girl for me -but I wasn't absolutely sure. So we agreed that we would think about it for a week and, on her return train trip to New York, she would stop in Michigan so we could see just how we felt about one another. Well, during the following few days I was more and more sure, and asked Mother to send me the diamond engagement ring from my Grandmother, which she had promised to me. By the time Margaret stopped, I had a most romantic place picked out for my proposal (on a bluff overlooking Wildwood Lake), had the ring ready, and had even picked a place for our honeymoon. She accepted, and we decided to get married a few weeks later, in August 1951. In the meantime, she had to return to New York, face my parents alone and introduce herself. Although they had met Margaret before, I am sure that this was pretty difficult for her- since she was naturally shy. While in Flint, we visited a cousin of hers, Jack Pratt, who was the Chief of the Flint Fire Department. He and his wife Marion, and their two young daughters Shirley and Sharon, subsequently became a second family to us, and took us in as if had been lifelong relatives. The Pratt clan had, in fact, many members in and around Flint, and we became good friends with all of them, and especially with Jack's mother "Aunt Jenny" (Margaret's mother's sister-in-law) whom we ultimately adored.

CHAPTER 5. MARRIED LIFE IN MICHIGAN (1951-1954)

While Margaret went to New York to finish up and get ready to move, I contacted the local rabbi and asked if he would marry us. He replied: "Only if Margaret converts to Judaism". I replied: "Sorry, that is against my religion!" and left. Instead, I arranged for a young Methodist minister to marry us, and for my landlady to have a small reception in her living room. Most of the Pratt's attended and it was a very nice, simple wedding. I remember giving \$15 to the minister, another \$15 to the one who assisted him, and about \$20 to our landlady for the food at the reception (I have since attended weddings which cost a little more...)

I had obtained a secretarial job for Margaret at AC Spark Plug and we soon rented a second floor apartment somewhere in Flint. One Sunday while she and I were out to brunch, the landlady had gone upstairs and "straightened out" our Sunday newspaper which we had left strewn on the living room floor. We decided right then and there that we had to move, and soon rented a small house in North Flint, a few blocks from Aunt Jenny's house. That turned out to be a blessing, since in the following May Carolyn was born, and neither one of us knew how to stop her from crying. In desperation, we called for Aunt Jenny to come over, and she immediately realized that Carolyn was simply hungry. So we got out the formula and Aunt Jenny rocked Carolyn to sleep -while we thought it a miracle!

At that time we had a dog who, just when Carolyn was born, developed some slight illness (ringworms or something). Margaret and I then had our first argument about how to handle the dog, what with Carolyn being just a newborn and who knows what might happen to her, etc.etc.. I remember walking out of the house to cool off, and then, after a while, stopping at a nearby drug store to buy something for my wife when, lo and behold, she was there wanting to buy something for me! Making up was easy after that.

I became more and more unhappy with my job at AC Spark Plug. Just then I received a letter from Mr. Clarke, of the Hope Club, asking me if I were interested in the job of Manager of the Agawam Hunt Club- a sort of country club near Providence. Since most of its members were also members of the Hope Club and therefore knew me, he thought that I would have a good chance. The job paid a fantastic \$6,000 per year and I was thrilled. Soon after I got word that my application had been regretfully turned down by the Board, because I had no prior food service experience. Realizing that I had to overcome this problem if I were to have a career in the hotel business, I wrote to the Director of the School of Hotel Administration at Michigan State University Donald Greenaway. He invited me to come down to East Lansing for an interview. In the meantime I had asked my boss, Mr. Kirk, to help me get a job at the Oldsmobile factory, which was also located in Lansing. I was fully prepared to take some additional undergraduate courses in food service and to work on the night shift at Oldsmobile.

This is when another "miracle" occurred in my life: After being interviewed by Professor Greenaway, he suggested that I not take any more undergraduate courses. Instead, he wondered if I might be interested in becoming a food cost controller at Kellogg Center, the campus hotel which featured a first class restaurant. If so, I would be paid \$350/month, be allowed to take graduate courses towards my M.A. degree, and thus also be eligible for a campus barracks apartment which rented for \$50/month. Furthermore, my training would be done by someone from Horvath & Horvath, a well-known accounting firm. All I had to agree to is to remain for a period of at least two years, so that the new food cost control system could be integrated into the HRI (Hotel Restaurant and Institutions) curriculum. I was then interviewed by the Director of the Kellogg Center, Mr. Les Scott, and was hired on the spot! I couldn't believe my ears-- was a chance of a lifetime, and it had been offered to me. I remember phoning Margaret with tears of joy flowing from my eyes when I told her the good news.

In late August, we moved into our little apartment at 702 Birch Street, on the M.S.U. campus. It was a tiny 1-bedroom apartment- from converted army barracks. perhaps 700 sq. ft. total. You entered into a tiny kitchen -perhaps 10'x10' and then into a slightly larger living room ,which had a pot-bellied stove. To the left was a bedroom perhaps 11'-12', and straight ahead was a sliding door that led out onto a lawn --on the other side of which were other barracks apartments. That is where I quickly built a sandbox in which Carolyn spent countless hours. The great thing about living in this place was that everyone else was in the same boat as we were- the men were attending school while the women were taking care of their children--and everyone was equally poor. We exchanged baby-sitting, had many earnest and not-so-earnest discussions, and made many new friends immediately. I remember that on New Year's Eve Margaret and I were going to a party across the lawn from us; my wonderful mother-in-law, Bessie Pratt, had visited us and was minding Carolyn. In an exuberant mood, I waved a 1/2 pint of gin in front of her, only to discover that this gesture really upset her. She had suffered an alcoholic brother for many years and hated alcohol. The fact was that neither Margaret or I liked alcohol, and by the next day, we had consumed about two tablespoons of the stuff. I did apologize to Bessie, who baked us a wonderful pie in return.

My job at the Kellogg Center was exciting and challenging. Horvath and Horvath had sent a young man my age, Henry "Hank" Vesley, who showed me how to become a Food Cost Controller. My job was to keep track of every entrée we sold in the restaurant, and to forecast how many of each entrée would be needed the next time that particular menu was served. I used a Friden calculator -- a relic today, but a wonder then! I soon was able to make forecasts which were even more accurate than those made by the Director of Food Service, Evelyn Drake- often to the latter's annoyance who felt that she knew best. After a while, however, we got used to each other, and I admired her knowledge and professionalism. One pleasant memory of those days were the evenings which Hank Vesley and I spent with his superior,

an older man named Herb Beach, who came regularly from the Detroit office to see how we were getting along. Herb liked to drink beer, and Hank and I would go with him to a nearby bar, where he would drink and we would listen- in utter fascination of everything that he knew and taught us. (Sometimes, many years later when I had become a consultant, I remembered these evenings and saw myself, perhaps immodestly, in a similar role when I was preaching to younger food service managers...). I remember one incident, when I told him that I had gone up to the kitchen and asked a cook: "What kind of beef is this?" and she answered, with a sneer: "That ain't beef, that's pork!" Herb told me that I had done this all wrong. What I should have done, he told me, was to lift the lid of the pot, smell a little, then shake my head negatively and walk out. That would have gotten the cooks worried and firmed up my reputation as a Food Cost Controller.

Part of my job was to teach the hotel management students what I had just learned. One of these students was a small but wiry fellow named John Vincenzi. He was a graduate of the Culinary Institute of America and was an experienced chef. Just married to a girl named Jean, he and I soon became fast friends – a friendship which is still strong today, although he is suffering from Alzheimer's disease and barely recognized his wife Jean when we last visited him.

As for my graduate studies – these were all fun and games. The Business School had not yet offered an M.A. program in Food Service; they did have a program sponsored by the National Association of Chain Stores in "Food Distribution". This program intended to train managers for super markets – and it was the closest to what I really wanted. The teachers were all a terrific bunch, friendly, responsive, and pleased to be working with veterans who were older and more responsive than the usual students. I had chosen as my thesis topic: "Snack Bars in Super Markets" and, using my newly gained knowledge at Kellogg Center, included in my thesis a blueprint on how to install and manage a snack bar in a super market. At the time this was still a fairly new and radical concept – although today it is an accepted and popular addition in many of the larger food stores.

In 1953, Margaret decided to go back to work – and took a job in an agricultural high school in a nearby town. She had hoped to teach English – a subject she loved.

Unfortunately, she was placed in a 7th grade Civics class - and got to hate every minute of it. Teaching a subject she didn't know, having to deal with unruly 7th graders- that simply was not her cup of tea. Furthermore, most of the \$3,000 yearly salary went for baby sitting and new clothes – so at the end of the year we decided that it simply wasn't worth it, and henceforth Margaret stayed home with the children.

At the end of the two years, my class work having been completed, I decided to get a job in management. Dozens of jobs were available--- food service managers were in short supply, and anyone with a degree from a hotel school could have a choice of many. My first choice turned out to be very

wrong and short-lived. A man named Jack (I forget his last name) had decided to open a seafood restaurant in Drayton Plains, Michigan, about 10 miles from Pontiac. He was a pilot, and wanted to keep on flying while a manager would run his restaurant. He hired me, and I went to Drayton Plains. Unfortunately, there was no sign indicating that our restaurant was there; Jack had ordered an expensive electric sign with the imaginative title “Jack’s”, which was to arrive in six weeks. In the meantime, hundreds of cars went by, without anyone stopping to buy food. Two weeks after I started, Jack came in one evening, drunk, and started verbally to abuse me. That’s when I knew the end had come for me. I phoned Margaret who fortunately had stayed in East Lansing, and told her I was quitting and coming home.

The next day there were two jobs on the bulletin board: one, for a food service director at Hurley Hospital in Flint, at a salary of 5,400/yr. The other for a Manager of Auxiliary Services (food and housing) at Northern Illinois State College in De Kalb, Illinois, at \$5,200/yr. It was a tough choice! In Flint we had our relatives, i.e. our extended family and friends; in De Kalb, we would be living on a college campus. We decided that the college atmosphere was what we wanted, and Mr. Z.H. Dorland, N.I.S.C.’s business manager, hired me. He also promised me a barracks apartment, similar to the one we had at M.S.U.

When we moved from East Lansing to De Kalb, a distance of about 250 miles, I had in my car my wife, my little daughter, and a small dog. Behind me was a 6-foot rented trailer, with 6 ft. pine boards upright all around, and all my worldly possessions inside the trailer. I had \$ 50 in my pocket. By 9 p.m. at night, as we entered Geneva, Illinois, the right wheel of the trailer came off. What to do? Another miracle happened. The only all-night garage between Chicago and Iowa was located in Geneva, three blocks from where I broke down. A kind mechanic replaced the bolts on my wheel, charged me \$15, and I was on my way.

CHAPTER 6. LIFE AT NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY (1954-1959)

In 1954 Northern Illinois State College was a small school of approximately 3,000 students. It had formerly been called Northern Illinois Normal School and had been a teacher training school. By 1956 it had been renamed Northern Illinois State University and, by 1959, when I left, it had become Northern Illinois University (N.I.U.) and had 9,000 students. Today it is one of the largest universities in the country, with over 30,000 students.

My job as Manager of Auxiliary Services was to oversee the housing and food service operations. As is the case with most college graduates, I knew practically nothing about housing, not much about food service, and certainly had no administrative experience whatsoever. However, I had finished my graduate studies, I was a man, and I was enthusiastic. In those days, that was all that was needed. Fortunately for me, the person running the campus dining services was an older woman (about 35 yrs. old) named Elizabeth Montgomery. She had every reason to resent the new young boss of 31, who knew nothing about her work. Instead, she welcomed me, helped me in every way, and was glad to have someone on campus who would fight for the things she needed and wanted. In those days, women simply were not given the top management jobs, and had to accept the fact that their superiors would always be men.

While Liz Montgomery and I got on famously, this was not the case with the Dean of Men, Ernie Hansen – a large blond man who., before my arrival, had been in charge of the men's residence halls. An Army buddy from M.I.R.S. had become an art dealer, and was selling reproductions of famous painters. The dining room walls of Gilbert Hall had been absolutely bare, and I invited him to help me select some suitable pictures to decorate these walls. He sold me about twenty framed copies of works by Andrew Wyeth, the well-known painter of American landscapes. They were a bargain, and really improved that stark atmosphere of the painted brick walls in the dining room. At the same time I decided to throw out the ugly gray plastic compartmentalized trays which were used to feed the men in Gilbert and replace them with china dishes. These trays had been purchased by Ernie Hansen. He apparently resented having lost control over this area of responsibility, and considered the removal of the trays a personal insult. Since I reported to the Business manager Mr. Z.H. Dorland, there was nothing he could do about it. This was the beginning of a rather stormy relationship. Whenever we argued, he would bring his fist crashing down on the desk and I soon learned to do the same whenever we had a disagreement. As it turned out, after five years at N.I.U., it was he who initiated actions which caused me to resign, apparently to the regret of both Mr. Dorland and the college president Dr. Holmes.

The Dean of Women, however, Ruth Haddock, was entirely different. She was a cultured, highly trained woman in her early forties, with a degree in Student Personnel from the Syracuse University. She

believed in maintaining the highest standards of quality life in residence halls: She believed in the women residents lining up as the Hall Director entered the dining room; in linen table cloths, candlelight dinners, spic and span maintenance and tasteful furniture. I genuinely liked and respected Ruth from the moment I met her. It was she who taught me what I needed to learn about managing a housing operation, and how to blend in the physical aspects of residence halls with the programmatic requirements needed to develop quality life on campus. Since, during my five years at N.I.U. I was involved in the planning of Neptune Hall, a new residence hall for 1,200 students, new kitchen and dining rooms, and a new Student Union building, all that Ruth and Liz taught me came to good use and helped me in my dealings with architects and contractors.

At the time the football games at N.I.U. were not the big deal they are today. No one had really done much with selling food and drinks at these events –although occasionally the booster club had made a stab at it. So I took over the concessions operation. To do that, I knew that I had to sell hot dogs, but didn't know anything about how to do that at a football game. I had joined the Northern Illinois branch of the Food Service Executives Association, which held its monthly dinner meeting in Chicago. There I had met Lew Regan, the owner of a small management company called Commissary, Inc. which provided food service to dozens of small factories in and around Chicago. He lent me a number of aluminum boxes, which held about 50 hot dogs, kept warm by a small can of "Sterno" (canned heat). These boxes were carried by the vendors with a strap around their necks. Lew also showed me how to make saleable drinks by diluting an orange concentrate and filling the liquid into plastic cups (I don't remember if Coca Cola was already being sold at the time...). Armed with all that newfound knowledge, I used by nearby kitchen in Gilbert Hall, the men's residence hall, to cook the hot dogs and mix the drinks. Then, together with a few brave students, I went out to the home games to start "running the concessions". Naturally I had to set an example, and remember vividly carrying those Sterno boxes around my neck and selling hot dogs to the students. Somehow, in those days, the idea of an "administrator" doing that didn't seem odd to me – and it certainly didn't hurt my image on campus.

Shortly after my arrival in De Kalb, the Kishwaukee River, a small stream which ran alongside the "Campus Tea Room", overflowed its banks. The tea room was a small campus café under my control, and in its basement was a large box type freezer full of expensive frozen food. Not knowing any better, or having any sense, I donned a pair of overalls and rubber boots, commandeered a big truck, and -with the cheers of the students who were watching, drove to the Tea Room to empty the freezer. By this time the water had reached almost the top of the freezer, and of course there was no electricity. To this day I do not know whether entering the water-filled basement endangered my life (i.e. electric shock?) or whether it was a sensible thing to do.

Within a few months of coming to N.I.U., Margaret became pregnant with Susan and we moved to the first floor of a large red brick house very near the Tea Room. In June of 1955 I hosted the annual conference of the Methodist Synod, a group of several hundred ministers and their wives. I became friendly with many of them and, of course, gave them a lot of personal attention. Therefore, when Margaret went into labor and I had to leave the dining room to accompany her, the entire group knew what was about to happen. When I returned after Susan was born, I announced it over the loudspeaker and everyone in the dining room broke into cheers. Thus Susan received a tumultuous welcome without ever knowing it.

About a year after my arrival at N.I.U. I became responsible for helping to plan Neptune Hall. I had the good fortune to work with a young architect, J. Orme Evans, who lived in nearby Normal, Illinois. When we discussed the kitchen, he did something which no other architect had ever done since – but which I will always remember fondly. He said to me: “Paul, I do not want to put columns where they would interfere with your kitchen operations. You design the kitchen first, and I will then design the building around it!” Orme and I worked together so harmoniously that six years later, when I had to build a residence hall at the Culinary Institute in New Haven, I engaged him to design it.

I remember, with some embarrassment, an incident which taught me a great deal about ethical behavior in purchasing. In purchasing room furniture for 1,200 students, I met a gentleman named David Lapine, who represented the Sheboygan Furniture Company in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. I had a wonderful secretary, Beverly Swanson, who became much more than my secretary but a real partner in planning the new hall. She had a sense for colors (I am told that I am color blind.) and worked closely, on my behalf, with the interior designer. Anyway, we both liked the Sheboygan furniture, and thus ordered desks, chairs, and bunk beds for the entire hall, an order amounting to several hundred thousand dollars. While at the Sheboygan showroom in the Chicago Furniture Mart, I noticed a lovely pine table with six chairs and asked if I could buy it and have it sent along with the hall furniture. Dave Lapine was delighted to sell it to me – and the wholesale price for the set was \$128. I received the table and chairs – but no invoice accompanied them. A month later I asked for an invoice, only to be told that “It would be coming soon”. Well, \$128 was a lot of money for me, and when I didn’t get an invoice, I proceeded to forget about it. Two years later, when we had to buy furniture again, I decided once again to purchase furniture from Sheboygan. But to this day I do not know for sure whether or not my decision was based on the quality of the furniture, or on my guilty conscience for having accepted valuable merchandise from a supplier without paying for it. I do know that this experience helped me in my future career – it has made me conscious of the need for absolute propriety when purchasing items for your employer or client. Whenever I look at the table in our cabin or at the chairs in our dining room, I feel a tinge of a guilty conscience which reminds me of my misstep 45 years ago.

In 1957 Margaret gave birth to John, and we moved from our apartment in the red house to a small rented house in the “poor” section of De Kalb. De Kalb, at the time, was a town of some 6,000 inhabitants – most of them working either for N.I.U. or in agriculture. The house was a miserable little house, with no lawn or reasonable back yard. Next door to us lived a family which was practically, if not actually, on welfare, and the parents were uneducated. It was not an ideal living situation. Furthermore, I found that my income, although greater than when I started, was not quite enough to cover my living expenses. Thus I made the foolish mistake of taking a part-time job as a shoe salesman at Sears in Rockford, Illinois, about 40 miles north of De Kalb. My salary was \$1.00 per hour plus commission. I didn’t make much commission, mainly because I worked in the children’s department, and I was conscientious about fitting shoes correctly. Such an approach is time consuming, and not very profitable. I worked there every Saturday for a whole year and hated every minute of it. When I think now how much precious time I could have spent with my family if I had merely spent less and not worked at Sears, I realize how foolish that decision was. At the time, however, my main goal was to meet our living expenses, and that is how I solved it at the time.

Our social life in De Kalb was pleasant for both Margaret and for me. When we first arrived, the wife of a history professor, a Mrs. Miller, had asked Margaret, who loved to play bridge, to join the “Faculty Wives Club”. Margaret readily assented, only to be told the next day that “she wasn’t eligible because her husband was not a member of the faculty” . When I heard that, I immediately went to my boss Mr. Dorland, and told him that if I, as his Manager of Auxiliary Services, did not have faculty status, I could not remain on this job. Within a few hours Margaret got a call from Mrs. Holmes, the President’s wife, asking her to ignore Mrs. Miller’s disinvitation. To Margaret’s credit it must be said that not once in the five years we were at Northern did she play bridge with the faculty wives! Instead, she found good friends in the Jewish Community of De Kalb and Sycamore (a nearby town). In fact, she was so well accepted there that eventually she became a Vice President of Hadassah, a Jewish women’s organization, even though Margaret was an avowed atheist and did not believe in any kind of religious dogma. I, too, enjoyed the friendship of the small Jewish Community. I will always remember my delight when Margaret and I entered the small coat factory of Harry Brody, when Mary Brody selected a beautiful winter coat, had Margaret put it on, and charge us an amount which was a fraction of the normal wholesale price. I also recall that after Margaret gave birth to our fourth and last child, Robert, in 1958, we realized that we needed a larger house. My friend Joseph Katz, who was a real estate developer, and Chevrolet dealer, sold me a lot within 5 blocks of the N.I.U. campus, and helped me finance a lovely split-level house on it. The house had 4 levels- a basement, a two bedroom and bath floor for rental to two students, a living room/kitchen floor, and an upper floor with 3 bedrooms and 1 1/2 baths. A special treat for me was the offer of Dr. Holmes, the N.I.U. president, to lend me the money for a down payment. I

didn't accept it, but it was wonderful to receive such an offer! The house cost about \$32,000, was finished in 1959, and two weeks before we were to move into it, I changed my job and left De Kalb.

As the campus had grown, so had my job. I eventually hired a young man to become Director of Housing, just as Liz Montgomery was the Director of Dining Services. This hire turned out to be a mistake, since this young man did not have the energy and self-confidence that I needed in that position. I seriously considered demoting him to a somewhat lesser post. One week, however, when I was attending a food service conference out of town, the Dean of Men, Dr. Hansen saw his opportunity. He convinced my superiors that my job was getting too big for me to handle all alone and that it should be split up between me and my Housing Director. When I returned, I was told by Mr. Dorland, that I would be getting a raise, a new title, but would no longer be responsible for Housing. He voiced the hope that I would not take this the wrong way, but that the campus was simply growing too fast to leave everything the way it was. Well, I guess Mr. Dorland did not know me as well as he thought he did! I went home and told Margaret that we would be leaving N.I.U. as soon as I could find another job. I found another job, in fact, within two weeks of this event and, within a month found myself leaving for Connecticut, as Dean of the Culinary Institute of America.* A nice letter from President Leslie Holmes can be found in Appendix "C".

*I did have the satisfaction of being offered a job as Director of N.I.U.'s new Student Center within a year after my departure from N.I.U. – a job which, because of my work at the Culinary Institute, I had to turn down.

PHOTOGRAPHS:



Above left: Paul in Basic Training

-- Above right: Family Picture ca. 1930

Below left: Paul at Brown University 1955

-- Below right: Paul after discharge, Spring 1946



Above left: Proposal at Wildwood Lake, 1951 -- Above right: Paul's Graduation, June 1950

Middle left: Susan at about 4 --

-- Middle right: Margaret & Paul with Carolyn

Below left: Bob & John.

-- Below right: Margaret. Mother & Carolyn



Above left: Paul & Beverly Swanson at N.I.U.U. 1955 -- Above right: Paul at Saranac Inn 1940
Below: Paul and Uri after discharge, May 1946



Paul with Cook's Tour at Banff Springs Hotel, ca.1948



Above: Paul's Graduation -

from Left: Mother, David James, Noni & Herman Gieschen, Paul, Lucille Gambuto, Dad

Middle: Paul at Vogt/Pratt Family Reunion ca. 1958

Bottom left: Paul's 1st car: 1939 Hudson Terraplane (\$300). -- Bottom right: Paul



Above left: Erika, Paul & Uri with French lady 1931. -- Above right: Susan (2 photos), Bob and John
 Below: Carolyn, John Susan & Bob Xmas 1968



Below left: Colman & Dennis 1988.



-- Below right: Colman and Peig late-1980's



CHAPTER 7. LIFE IN CONNECTICUT (1959-62)

Just before leaving De Kalb, my friend Joe Katz, the Chevrolet dealer, sold me a new station wagon. It cost about \$4,000 and, to the best of my recollection, was the first brand new car that I ever owned. Much to the annoyance of Margaret (who felt that we really couldn't afford it), I gave my old car to our neighbors next door who were truly needy. I remember the look of disbelief and joy when I went over and gave them the title – that alone was worth it to me!

My brother Uri had managed to find a lovely house for me to rent – a house which I ultimately purchased for \$19,000 at 5 3/4% interest. It was located on a half-acre lot at 2 Susan Lane in North Haven, at the beginning of a small cul-de-sac. On the first floor it had a large living room (30'x13') with fireplace, dining room (12'x12'), kitchen, bath and two bedrooms (11'x14'); on the second, it had two bedrooms, a central playroom and a bath. It was on a lovely corner lot with many small birch trees on it. There were about 10 houses on Susan Lane, and all of them were occupied by young, struggling professionals like us. We found that they had formed a neighborhood baby-sitting club, which we joined with great enthusiasm. One would accumulate baby-sitting "points", and thus everyone could participate in an equitable manner. It not only enabled us to go out occasionally without baby-sitting expenses, but also made for a tight-knit, friendly neighborhood. I remember helping one neighbor finish his atom bomb shelter; these were in vogue at the time – and were something like large basements with extras.

I felt good about my new job. At Northern Illinois, my salary then was \$9,200 and my new job paid \$10,000 to start. Furthermore, it was truly challenging. The director was a 70 yr. old lady named Frances Roth. she had founded the Culinary Institute shortly after World War II in a small storefront in downtown New Haven; she then had convinced Yale University to sell her a large Victorian mansion on a 10-acre hilly lot on Prospect Street, about six blocks from the university. The board of trustees were community leaders whom she had cajoled into joining the board but who, with one or two exceptions, knew nothing about the hospitality trade. While Mrs. Roth was very good at local politics and public relations, she was not interested in the routine work of running a trade school – and that was to be my job. When I arrived, I was shocked to discover that the financial situation of the school was precarious: we had 250 students and about eight chef-instructors – (seven were Europeans and all were men) and our income was barely sufficient to meet daily expenses. One of the first policies I instituted was to make high school graduation a minimum requirement for admission (with exceptions to be made only by Mrs. Roth or me). This policy produced an increase in enrollment to 300 students by the following year! The chefs were walking around with job offers for students kept in their coat pockets – offers which they then showed only to their favorites. Right away I made sure that all job offers were placed in a large book, available to anyone interested.

Classes were held in three “production kitchens”, in a bake shop sections, a storeroom, and in the dining room. Plans had been made for the construction of a demonstration kitchen/auditorium – and my first assignment was to oversee the construction of this building. It was built with concrete block walls and pre-stressed concrete beams in the ceiling (a new invention at the time). I bought a set of bleachers (we couldn’t afford anything fancier), and installed a huge mirror over the demonstration table. Mrs. Roth had gotten the kitchen equipment donated from the manufacturers and a few months after my arrival, the new building was completed. Except for the terrible acoustics (remember, it was all concrete!) it was a great classroom. That is where I started to teach the “management” courses, which consisted primarily of teaching food and labor cost control and personnel management (as it was then called). It was interesting to supervise several temperamental European Chefs. First of all, I had to convince several of them how to give fair, objective examinations, and to show them that grading students’ work had to follow some logical order (i.e. 100 as a maximum score instead of 90 or 85). Second, I had to remind them often that the European tradition of shouting at and berating apprentices just did not fit into the American scene. Aldo Graziotin, a nice but volatile Italian, who had learned his trade in England, once got so mad at a student for discarding the tops of the celery that he kicked him in the shins and spit in his face all at the same time. I had to send Aldo home for a couple of days to “think things over...”

One of the fringe benefits – though perhaps of dubious value to my health – was that the “Administration”, which consisted of Mrs. Roth, myself, my secretary and the bookkeeper, would sit at an imposing head table and be served a five- or even six-course meal prepared by one of the production kitchens, as well as a fancy dessert made in the Bake Shop. Often the students and even the Chef-Instructor would stand on the side of the room and watched to see if we really “liked” their fabulous creations. Of course, it never was anything but superb, since the instructors would have fixed whatever might have been wrong with the food long before it reached our table.

It was difficult to say “I am not hungry.” or Just a little, please.” without running the risk of offending some prima donna.

The table service was being done by the service class, watched over scrupulously by Mr. John Dodig, our maître d’hôtel. I had met John in the local hospital one Christmas Evening, when some of us Jews in New Haven went to relieve the Christian volunteers. He had broken his hip in an auto accident, had been a chef and restaurateur and had no specific plans for the future. I gave him a job right then and there, and three months later he came hobbling up the driveway with his crutches, ready to start teaching table service. John was a treasure of a man – an Italian who loved opera, had a deep sonorous voice, thorough knowledge of all aspects of the restaurant business, and one of the nicest men I have ever met in my life. The students all loved him, and he taught table service in a way that would be hard to match by anyone else.

The following is an excerpt from a Christmas letter I wrote in 1959:

My unfamiliarity with the new job almost overwhelms me. I am to take full charge of the running of the school –we're just completing a new lecture-hall/ auditorium and are starting a fund raising drive to raise the second half of the money spent to build it. Two of my students have serious psychological problems, others want to move out of the dorm without good reason, two toilets have no hand sinks, one oven no gas pressure but I – have plenty of pressure. The electrical service to the new auditorium proves inadequate, the faculty is expecting a raise which we cannot quite afford, and our Beginners Class gets only coffee for lunch while the Advanced Class bathes in milk. We need a vending installation in our Student Lounge, and I have to purchase \$2,500 worth of bleachers.

Our life in Connecticut soon became a pleasant routine. I became Program Chairman of the P.T.A. and the Springdale Civic Association. Margaret, after finding a bridge-less community, resolutely introduced the sport into the neighborhood. She once brought fifteen couples into our house for bridge, and was furious with me when, after completing one rubber, I refused to play anymore and decided it was time to "party"! Margaret also was busy converting the back yard into a garden. In my 1960 Xmas letter I described it as follows:

"Our half acre of "lawn" (a charitable description) was happily reduced this summer by a whole series of flower and other garden beds over which I couldn't drive, Carolyn and Susan couldn't bike, and John and Bobbie couldn't run. Margaret, of course, had access to these vast wildernesses through marked trails, secret to all but herself- and sometimes even to herself."

Our social activities varied. My 1960 Christmas letter continues:

"I became Program Chairman for the P.T.A. and the Springbrook Civic Association. Topics ranged from "How to make Canapés and Petit Fours" to "The Advantages of a Community Fallout Shelter". Margaret, after finding a bridge-less community, introduced the game to the neighbors. Carolyn became a reporter on the school newspaper, both she and Susie owned a rabbit each for a total of two months, John mishandles his turtles and Bobbie teases the canary when nobody's looking. Three of our goldfish succumbed to insecticide, and for three unbelievable days our TV set was on the blink - until I gave in and fixed it in self-defense."

During the summer of 1960 we went on a trip to Quebec with my war-time buddy Joe Winter and his wife Ursula – and even took along a teen-aged baby-sitter. It was a wonderful trip and I remember with pleasure the several "boulangeries" (bake shops) on Ile d'Orleans, a typical French island near Quebec City. Here is how I described our life in the fall of 1960:

"Margaret returned with a vengeance to her jungle, I registered a record of 270 students and concentrated on tightening the curriculum and the discipline in the school. Both Carolyn and Susan have done well in school, with Susan being much more "normal" in school, apparently, than she is at home

(that means, in other words, that it's the parents who are abnormal). Carolyn is an omnivorous reader, and brought home 10 A's on her report card last week.. John is busy preparing for a Spare Toy Parts business, and is adding to his inventory daily. Bobby is the only uncomplicated one in the entire family, but I am told that the youngest one often strikes you that way."

Shortly after we arrived in North Haven, I contacted the reform synagogue in New Haven with the idea of joining the congregation and having the children attend Sunday school. I was informed that, because the Temple had just completed a building project, I would have to donate \$600 to the Building Fund if I wanted to join. Well, \$600 was a great deal of money at the time, and neither Margaret's (non-existent) nor my own (very tepid) religious beliefs were sufficient to justify such an expense. Our neighbors then invited us to try the local Unitarian Church. We attended for about six weeks, the children loved their Sunday school and we liked the content of the sermons. Yet, when the time came to make a decision whether or not to join, I just couldn't do it – my feelings of Jewishness, as a German-Jewish refugee, were just too strong to enable me to abandon my Jewish roots to that extent.

Our four children were growing up happily in Connecticut. Here is the way I described our family's behavior and eating habits in a 1962 Christmas letter:

Bobby: A happy little boy of 4, who loves kisses and nursery school. Wakes up his parents at 6 a.m. with the laconic comment: "I wet my bed!" Then changes his pants and climbs on his parents. He eats quietly, straight, businesslike. Unless he's tired. Then it's: "Feed me, Daddy!"

Johnny: An equally happy young man of 5, with a delightful sense of humor and unquestioned mechanical knack. (Today's episode: "how to dismantle a cigarette lighter"; yesterdays: "The door without its hinges". When, rarely, he has an "accident" he makes up his parents with: "I wet my bed, Daddy – by mistake..." He pokes around while everyone is eating. Hates vegetables, but loves desserts. Can't have one without the other. Often comes back to his cold vegetables- then gets his just...dessert.

Susan: A sharp little girl of 7, a little tense, very determined. A natural leader who likes to play school (she's the teacher) and house (she's the mother). She helps with the dishes and likes to be appreciated. At the table she is "the slouched". Elbows compete with knees and feet for space at her seat. She and Lauren Bacall – hair over one eye – sometimes two eyes. When she's not talking, she eats. Both are done in spurts.

Carolyn: A quiet, pensive 10-year old. An excellent – if occasionally lazy- student, well behaved, avid reader and budding writer, with an awakening interest in the clarinet. At dinner, she is "the grocer's dream girl". Likes eating almost as much as reading in the dark. But parents control both.

Margaret: Just became a Brownie leader, active in home extension work, occasional bridge. Spends much time pouring water into plants, washing machine or into the coffee pot. Drinks it black and

stale. Brrr. At dinner, she is “Metrical Mollie” Chocolate tastes better than Vanilla, but the price for streamlining is high. She’s almost there- wait till you see the 1963 model!

Paul (written by Margaret): Still the enthusiastic, visionary realist; going about his and other people’s business with great gusto; obviously enjoying being his own boss; after extended trips out of town, makes quite an impact when he comes home. At the table he is “the faker”. Acts as if food is of no interest to him; when the chips are down, he’s as fussy as the rest of the husbands. Perhaps more so. There’s no hope for cure.”

This 1962 letter describes our family in several other ways which the reader might find interesting:

"A good way to understand each member of the family, perhaps, is to know his or her particular attitude towards an oft-neglected American symbol: The Penny:

Bobby- he plays with them like blocks-except when he sees a gum ball machine. Then he wants some.

Johnny-- He saves them from wherever he finds them. When he has 8 or 9, he can't wait to spend them Starts to buy guns and games, then settles for a tube of plastic glue.

Susan- She counts them and keep careful books. Then she leaves reminders about outstanding debts, All over the house: "Daddy owes me \$1.43; Mommy owes me 63 cents. She can make change if you want to pay up or will lend you money to pay the milk bill. Knows the price, tax and location of every item at Grants.

Margaret - She learned again to save them

Paul: he doesn't know what they are -and if he did, would deny it!"

It was during these years in Connecticut that I first had an opportunity to give speeches to industry groups. Representing the C.I.A., I gave talks to such groups as the American Culinary Federation, the American Gas Institute, the Edison Electric Institute, the National Industrial Cafeteria Managers Association, etc. I did a study of the food services at St. Raphael’s Hospital. I learned not to question the practice of spoiling the hospital’s priest by cooking him whatever and whenever he wanted his meals. I also started to write articles for trade publications with such titles as:

“Food Service Consultants, Are they worth their Fees?” “What Makes a Cook Professional?”

“How to Solve the Shortage of Professional Cooks” “The Training of Chefs in Europe”

These activities gave me valuable experience as well as industry exposure – both of which would prove helpful in my consulting work later on.

One sad and difficult period during our stay in Connecticut was my father’s contracting stomach cancer. He had been misdiagnosed during a trip to Germany, and when he returned to the U.S. it was too late. Fortunately, both my brother Uri and I lived only about 100 miles from his home in New York City

– he in Philadelphia, and I in North Haven. We thus took turns going home every other weekend to help bathe father and spend some time with him. He spent most of that time sitting in a chair – somewhat dispirited but happy to see us come. Two weeks before his death, I drove him and Mother to a convalescent home in New Jersey where he passed away in June, 1962. I remember my father with great affection. He was a smart, kind and gentle person. His vision in leaving Germany in 1933, and then again deciding to leave Palestine in 1936, is one which I got to appreciate fully only in my later years – but it was an amazing act of courage and foresight, without which none of us would probably be alive today.

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CHAPTER 8. LIFE IN CHICAGO (1962-1965)

After several years at the Culinary Institute, I became restless. The year before, the President of Northern Illinois University contacted me, asking me to return to De Kalb to become director of their new student center. He even paid my expenses so that I could be a guest at the Center's dedication. Although flattered by the offer, I was too involved with the C.I.A. to consider moving. By 1962, however, I was ready for a change. As dean of a trade school I was really not very much involved in the practice of food service management, but rather in running an educational institution. Therefore, in my letter to Mrs. Roth on February 1, 1962 I wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Roth:

I hereby wish to submit my resignation from the Culinary Institute of America effective September 1, 1962. My reasons for doing so can best be explained by my interest in food service management, and by my desire to continue to develop my professional career in this direction....I have missed – more than I realized- the kind of practical food service work for which I have been trained."

What I did not tell her was another reason for my leaving. Mrs. Roth, the director, was unable to compliment me on the work I did. While she praised my work to others, she never praised me directly- and this was something that I needed in order to stay motivated. I have since coined a phrase which explains, perhaps, my resignation from the C.I.A.: "People need Praise like they need Fresh Air!". A letter of thanks from the C.I.A. Board President Reuben Holden is in Appendix "D".

Because of my consulting and speaking experience while at the C.I.A., I considered becoming an independent consultant. The risk, however, was considerable. With a family of six and little savings, I had to be sure of earning a living right away. My salary, at the C.I.A., was \$13,000 which meant that, as a consultant, I would have to earn at least \$300/week to match my salary. At that time my friend and mentor, Donald Greenaway, came through for me. He had been head of the Hotel and Restaurant program at Michigan State University, and now was Executive Director of the National Restaurant Association. He encouraged me in my plans by offering me a chance to earn \$50/day whenever I did not have a consulting assignment. He asked me to write a book entitled: "Starting a Managing a Small Restaurant". This small book (116 pages) was part of a series sponsored by the Small Business Administration and the outline was fairly well established in advance. This offer gave me the courage to strike out on my own, and I established "Paul Fairbrook Associates-- Food Service and Management Consultants".

My first assignment was a challenging one: My client, the owner of the Rutland Railway, had just purchased a small, run-down hotel in Rutland, Vermont. He decided to renovate it, and asked me to design a menu for the new dining room that was painted white with gold trim. With the help of my friend

John Dodig (the Maitre d' at the C.I.A.'), I designed a sophisticated menu, the highlight of which was a lovely portable relish cart, with black enamel and a gold trim. For the opening, I hired both John as well as one of the C.I.A.Chef-Instructors and a senior student, and we put on a buffet the likes of which Rutland had never seen! Here is the menu:

Buffet Menu August 30, 1962

Appetizers and Relishes Hot and Cold Hors oeuvres

“Pirogi’ Pates, Sardines, Anchovies, Celery, Olives, Radishes

Watermelon Rinds, Marinated Vegetables, Assorted Pickles

Roasts Steamship Round of U.S. Prime Steer Beef, au jus Baked Sugar Cured Ham, Pineapple and Cherry Garnish

Meats

Sliced Young Tom Turkey

Smoked Tongue –Sliced Corned Beef Small Meat Balls in Sauce Diable Sliced Cold Cuts

Seafood

Vegetables

Salads

Creamed Chicken on Patty Shell

Seafood Newburg on Patty Shells Italian Cut String Beans in Sauce

Rissole Potatoes

Tossed Green Salad, Assorted Dressings

Cole Slaw with Apples and Raisins American Style Potato Salad

Fresh Fruit Salad in Watermelon Basket Devilled Egg, Macaroni Salad

Gelatin Salad Molds

Desserts

Assorted Pies and Cakes French pastries

Chocolate and Caramel Éclairs Fancy Petit Fours

Eggnog Pudding

Assorted Cheeses

Assorted Breads and Fancy Dinner Rolls

Beverages

“21 Club” Special Blend Coffee

Milk- Hot Tea

\$3.75 per person Children under 12: \$1.75 Plus Vermont 4% Meals Tax

Fresh Fruit Bowl

Frozen Fruit Punch

I began to get a number of jobs in the Midwest. For example, after meeting a banker on a flight to Chicago, I received a long-term assignment to straighten out the food services at the Coach House Motor Inn in Milwaukee; I also studied the food services at a number of industrial cafeterias in Wisconsin, planned a kitchen in a hospital in New Jersey, handled several small restaurant clients and did feasibility studies in Fond du Lac and Milwaukee.

In spite of all these interesting jobs, I found out that being your own boss wasn't everything I hoped it would be. First of all, I was away most of the time. During 1962, I made about thirty weeklong trips to Chicago and Milwaukee and traveled 60,000 miles. I would leave home on a Sunday afternoon and return on Friday night. That summer I was gone 70 out of 90 days! This made life pretty hard for Margaret and lonely for me. During that period, I also made a serious mistake by inviting a friend of mine, Leon Z., his wife and son to come East and live with us while Leon would try and find a job in New York City. The three of them stayed in our house for a total of 13 weeks – driving Margaret and the children crazy, while I was away most of the time. I finally had to ask Leon to move out –and he returned to Chicago where he promptly found a job! Worse yet, at the end of the first year I had earned only about \$9,000 (\$3,000 less than my recent salary!) and had to borrow the rest from my mother. Therefore, by the following summer I decided to apply for a full-time job. One of my clients and long-time friends from Chicago, Lew Regan, who was the owner of a small catering company, Commissary Inc., had just secured a contract with the Zenith Corporation, and needed someone to help him manage that contract. Thus, armed with an offer of \$13,000/year and \$800 in moving expenses, we reluctantly left North Haven and moved back to Illinois.

Our two and a half years in Chicago were not happy ones. First, we moved into a small rented house in Glenview, Illinois –which meant an hour-long commute to downtown Chicago every day. More important, Margaret had developed a kidney disease called glomeruli nephritis as a result of not being given enough antibiotics for a strep throat while in Connecticut. This had not been diagnosed immediately and it was not until we reached Illinois that proper treatment had begun. She often felt poorly and was placed on a strict low-fat, no salt diet. Fortunately, she developed a close friendship with two bridge partners, which improved her social life considerably. After two months in the rented house in Glenview, we went to look at a large ranch house in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago. The house was only a block away from Howard Avenue, a busy thoroughfare at the Chicago border. It needed painting and, in many ways, was not a good buy. Evanston had a reputation (undeserved!) of having a terrific school system. This impressed me so much that, in spite of Margaret's concerns, I prevailed and purchased the house for \$30,000. I even paid the owner \$600 for some mediocre rattan furniture (we later sold the house for

\$27,000 – so I managed to lose money at a time most other people were gaining on real estate sales). That was when I learned an important lesson from Lew Regan: “Whenever you buy or sell real estate, the other party should want it more than you do!”

Soon after I arrived in Chicago, Commissary Inc. lost the Zenith account. Therefore, my friend Lew and I agreed that I would do consulting work within the scope of my job. I did that for about a year, and earned more than enough to justify my salary. That is when another one of those happy coincidences happened. One day I met the manager of the St. Clair Hotel, a two-star hotel near the lake in downtown Chicago. He told me about the food service problems he was having with the Chicago Press Club, which was located on the top floor of the hotel. He asked me if I wouldn’t become his “resident food consultant”. At that point, I decided that I wanted, once again, to strike out on my own, and worked out a deal whereby he would give me an office in the hotel, the services of a part-time secretary in exchange for my part-time consulting services. Before I had a chance to tell my employer Lew Regan of my intention to quit, however, Lew told me that he had sold Commissary Inc. and that I would therefore be out of a job! The timing was perfect for both of us – and he proved the friend that he was by generously giving me all of the money that I had earned for his firm in excess of my salary. This was almost \$2,000, -- a large sum at the time. I remained a friend of Lew Regan’s for the rest of his life --- his daughters Julia and Lucia both attended U.O.P. and Julia has remained a good friend to Peig and me even today.

My small but cozy two-room office on the 3rd floor of the St. Clair was a delight. I had talked the manager into hiring Margaret’s best friend, Ramona Santelli, as our joint secretary, and she turned out to be absolutely terrific! She enabled me to leave my office on consulting trips and really was a gem. I soon got some interesting speech and workshop assignments, including talks to the Ohio and Oklahoma Restaurant Associations, the Illinois School Food Service Association, and the Chef’s and Cooks Culinary Club in Milwaukee. Typical topics were:

“The Perfect Restaurant Man”

“The ABC’s of Merchandising”

“What You Must Know About Food Costs”

What Makes a Restaurant Successful?”

By this time my speaking fee was \$150 per day, and I was beginning to feel confident about my professional future as a consultant.

Another interesting assignment came to me from my old clients in Milwaukee. They had bought an old 50-room hotel in Kenosha, Wisconsin (about one hour from Chicago), which was losing money. They asked me to manage it on a part-time basis. I converted half the rooms into efficiency apartments for seniors (by installing small kitchenettes in each room) and thus turned it into a profitable operation. One of the more challenging jobs came to me from the Bendix Corporation in Kansas City, which had bought

a huge World War II plant and wanted to install a modern food court. By teaming up with another consultant, Cliff Stock, who had an engineering background, we had the combined expertise to design what, at the time, was a “state of the art” food court large enough to feed all of the plant’s several thousand employees in 30 minute shifts without any difficulty. I also was asked to design a kitchen in a privately- owned large residence hall for my friend Joe Katz in De Kalb. Although I knew how to make the preliminary plans for such facilities, I was not a very good draftsman and soon found out that I really wasn’t able to do a top notch job in kitchen design without the help of an engineer or architect who would do the final drawings and mechanical specifications. Because most of the women workers in the kitchen were of average size had designed pass-through refrigerators for 60” tall food racks –but the owner had foolishly bought 72” high racks! Who do you think got blamed? Another problem I discovered a few weeks after the kitchen opened was that I had forgotten to install clean-outs for the long stainless steel tray conveyor---no wonder there was an unusual smell in that area!

One of the most exciting assignments was that of serving as a consultant to “Expo ‘67”, the Canadian World’s fair in Montreal. I had worked with its head of food services, Maurice Novek, several years earlier, and he needed someone to help prepare the “tenders” (bids) for the dozens of restaurants and snack bars that would feed the Expo visitors. While this necessitated my frequently being away from home once again, it was a fascinating challenge. Once I had to travel to Chicoutimi, a town at the end of the Saguenay River, to find out about a dish called “Tourtiere a la Lac St. Jean”. It was a marvelous meat pie, made with chicken, rabbit, and pheasant –interspersed with layers of mashed potatoes. We soon realized, however, that to make enough of this dish for even one day at the fair, we would have had to catch and kill all the pheasants in Canada and then some...!

While living in Chicago, Margaret’s brother Armien died of a sudden heart attack while carrying a 100 lb. canoe on a portage in the wilds of Canada. Armien had been an avid outdoorsmen and he loved trips into the wilderness. On this occasion, he had finally convinced a reluctant and delicate Betty, his wife, to accompany him, together with their six children, the oldest of whom was 15 and the youngest 18 months. Betty spent the night with his body and their children in the rain, huddled under a tent which they couldn’t pitch properly, until two fishermen found them the next day and had them airlifted back to civilization. Since Margaret’s second brother, Bob, was also living in the Chicago area, both families were able to come to Betty’s assistance – not only immediately after Armien’s death, but also in the months thereafter. In fact, when Betty and her oldest daughter Janine just couldn’t seem to get along, Margaret and I had Janine come and live with us for a number of months. I believe that all that made a deep impression on our children, and especially on Carolyn and Susan, who were old enough to appreciate the problems everyone was facing.

After about a year at the St. Clair hotel, I was also asked to conduct a cross-country lecture tour for the Canadian Restaurant Association, which started in Saskatoon, then went to Winnipeg, Ottawa, Montreal and Moncton, New Brunswick. By this time, I was really tired of all the traveling, and all the time away from home that my job necessitated. I was also unhappy with the uncertainty of my income—even though it was slowly improving all the time. When you are a one-person firm, and have to do all the promotion, consulting, and report writing by yourself, you really have a considerable challenge before you – and with a family of four children, the responsibility sometimes weighs heavily on your shoulders.

CHAPTER 9. OUR MOVE TO CALIFORNIA

I was in my final stop on this lecture tour, Moncton, New Brunswick. While in Moncton, I was taken to “Magnetic Hill”, probably the only tourist attraction Moncton had to offer, where you can sit in the car facing downhill, release the break, and find yourself going uphill. The natives think it is a miracle, but I, the cynic, know that it is an optical illusion.

It was 10:00 pm in Moncton and I was sitting on the teacher’s table with my legs dangling down. Across from me were about 20 restaurant owners, tired from listening but anxious to learn how they could make more money in their restaurants. I, on the other hand, was tired of talking to them all day, tired of doing the same day-long workshop for the Canadian Restaurant Association, all the way from Saskatoon to Winnipeg to Toronto, Montreal and now- the final stop, Moncton. Suddenly I was handed the telephone: “It is a call from California!” I didn’t know anyone in California, but the caller identified himself as John Higgins, the Personnel Director from the University of the Pacific (U.O.P. I had never heard of that school, didn’t know how they heard about me, but was certainly willing to listen. I was tired of all the travelling that I had to do as a consultant. In 1963, during my first year as an independent consultant, I travelled thirty-five times from North Haven, Connecticut to Chicago or Milwaukee, spending the entire week on the job and returning just for the weekend to be with Margaret and the children. When I subsequently moved to Chicago to escape from all that travelling, I found myself as a consultant to EXPO 67; the Canadian World’s fair, flying to Montreal, to clients in Kansas City and elsewhere, and as a speaker to the annual conferences of various State Restaurant Associations. When I took that call from California, I would have taken a job as a dog catcher just to escape from all that travelling.

A week later I met my soon-to-be new boss, Lloyd Stuckey, at a Chicago Restaurant. As I recall, there was a tornado warning at the time-but that didn’t stop us from hitting it off. It appears that a year earlier I had answered a blind ad in a trade magazine, and that U.O.P. had saved my application and resuscitated it at this time. This meeting was followed by Margaret and me flying to San Francisco, where we spent a night in U.O.P.’s fancy apartment on the 17th floor of a luxury apartment building. I was told that as a member of the Administration I would be allowed to use this apartment every now and then for me and my family! Already somewhat impressed, but expecting a rigorous interview process, I was amazed at being introduced to Robert Burns, the President of U.O.P. as follows: “This is Paul Fairbrook, our new Director of Food Services!” When I think of the series of interviews which a candidate for employment must undergo today (first Personnel, then Student life, the Student Representatives, then the Financial Vice President) I realize how informal and uncomplicated life was in 1965!

A few weeks later, I packed Margaret, Carolyn, Susan, John and Bob, our little dog and Nowannah, the sixteen-year old daughter of Margaret's best friend Ramona, into our 1959 Chevrolet station wagon and off we went to California. Taking Nowanna along turned out to be a mistake. The girls didn't like her very much, that six passenger car was too small for 7 persons and a dog, and Carolyn, at thirteen, was more than capable to act as baby sitter if we had needed one. For the children, a highlight of the trip was the swimming pools in the motels where we stayed each evening. I was sure that they would enjoy the Olympic Hotel in Salt Lake City, where the manager, an acquaintance, had reserved a luxury suite for us. The kids were deeply disappointed that there was no swimming pool. Furthermore, the swim in the Great Salt Lake turned out to be a disaster. I had remembered such a swim with pleasure, having done it many times during my summers as a tour conductor in the late 1940's. Now, however, there were little black worms of some sort in the water which made swimming impossible. I remember that Margaret, who didn't like swimming to begin with, left her white bathing suit in Salt Lake City and, to the best of my memory, never went swimming again.

Another mistake that I made during this trip was to insist, when we drove in Nevada, to drive up to Nevada City. I had read about this silver mining town, and was certain that everyone would enjoy making that detour. Virginia City was of no special interest to anyone, required a steep hike up the mountainous street and, as a tourist attraction for my family- was a big flop! It turned out that this detour took an extra 3-4 hours, which made a long week of driving that much longer, made me hit Sacramento in the middle of the rush hour, and which made everyone glad that this long trip was over. Lloyd Stuckey, at my request, had rented us a 3- bedroom house on Bonniebrook Avenue, about four miles from U.O.P. but very close to Lincoln High School, a school reputed to be the best available in Stockton.

CHAPTER 10. OUR NEW LIFE IN STOCKTON

To give you an idea of how we felt about our move to California, I will quote from my Christmas letter of December 1965:

“There are many things we like about our new life:

We like the security of a steady job

We like the fact that Dad is home (almost all the time)

We like the fringe benefits (insurance, retirement, vacation and, most perhaps, free college tuition for all the kids

We like the university atmosphere

We like the fact that Dad can continue his consulting and lecturing career important

(St. Louis and Kansas City in November, Montreal- for the 1967 World's Fair in December)

We like the fact that Margaret is taking graduate courses in literature while

Both Dad and Carolyn are studying Spanish

We like the schools in our district- very much

We like the many places to visit within 2-3 hours from here (Big Trees, Yosemite, Lake Tahoe Monterey, and San Francisco

We like the lovely backyard of our new home-to-be (which we hope to purchase sometime this month) with its trees, lawn, rock garden, sprinkler system and screened in living porch

We like the new house itself, with its California-style architecture, sunken living room, wood-paneled den with fireplace, and with plenty of room for company (RSVP)

We especially like the fact that everyone here is in good health (including Margaret who feels better than she has in a long time)”.

We quickly settled in and began our new California routine. Carolyn and Susan went to Lincoln High, where both gravitated to the Drama Department, run by an able and personable drama teacher Tom McKenzie. Both girls soon got leading roles, Carolyn as Rosalind in *As You Like It* and Susan as Mary Todd Lincoln in *The Last of Mrs. Lincoln*. A few years later, John and Bob also got into acting-- John in *The Importance of Being Earnest* and Bob in *David & Lisa* under another excellent teacher, Paul Barnes. Thus Margaret and I, and later Peig and I, saw more high school productions than we ever bargained for. Many were excellent, and some were dreadful, but we bravely went to them all!

An interesting thing happened when we first enrolled John and Bob at the Lincoln Elementary School. When I met John's fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Madkin, I had mentioned to her that John had some

disciplinary problems in Evanston and should I tell her about it. She, the wonderful teacher that she turned out to be, told me: "Let me first get to know John by myself, and if I need to know anything else, I will let you know". It turned out that she knew just how to handle our John, and except one incident, more amusing than serious; we never had any more problems with John. When I met Mrs. Madkin again in 2008 she still remembered our boys fondly.

The incident I just referred to happened one day when I received a call from Mr. Brown, the school's principal: "Paul, guess which of your boys is in my office?" When I said I couldn't guess, he said, laughingly: "Both of them!" Apparently, John later had another teacher whom he didn't like. He heard that she was allergic to all sorts of things, and he broke open a small vial of perfume or cologne in the air conditioning duct that led to the classroom, to the great discomfort of his teacher. Our Bob heard of this prank, decided to copy it, was caught, confessed, and both boys ended up in Mr. Brown's office.

Both boys soon got involved in Little League baseball. Because of my job, I was seldom able to watch them play, a fact which, they tell me today, really disappointed them. During the year of my being a widower (1968/69) I made a decision which I thought to be in the best interests of both boys, but which everyone else thought was wrong. I was informed by the coaches that Bob was a better-than-average player and that, even though he was only ten years old, he should be placed in a "major" team. I refused to let that happen, since his brother had not been thus selected. My reasoning was that it might hurt John's self-confidence if Bob was promoted above him. Everyone, Bob, the coaches, the other parents –everyone thought I was wrong and made no attempt to hide their frustration. I insisted, however –but today I am not sure that I made the right decision. Our Bob, now forty years later, still thinks I should have let him play and John says he wouldn't have cared! The joys of fatherhood! During those years I did become a Cub Scout Master, however, and remember the pow wow's in our back yard and all the ceremonies that went along with that job.

In October ,1966, I wrote another round robin letter, glorying in the warm sun and in our having beaten San Jose State in football 38-35. I reported that:

"We acquired a new small dog named "Bucky"

Bobby was an average student, well-behaved but with a tendency to dream a little, had learned to swim and gone fishing with his big brother John.

Johnny loves fishing, building rockets for cub scouts and is interested in California history. I comment:" If he had had a father who was a handyman, he would be truly happy".

Susan 11-year olds know a great deal, but this one knows everything: -how to raise children (her brothers) parents (her father) con people (her mother) and how to outwit them (her sister). Superior student, sharp mind, popular with most of her friends (esp. the quiet ones) and so busy that there was

never enough time for brushing teeth, washing hands, cleaning the table and “all the useless things that never should have been invented”.

Carolyn There is certain stage-however brief- during which 14-year old act like real ladies she does baby-sitting, has a mature intellect, excellent scholarship, and an all- around well-behaved young woman for which I could take little or no credit.

Margaret Enthusiastic about finishing her course work towards a Master’s degree -, enjoys her studies in English literature and "Bessie’s help in cleaning the floors.” She kept on getting “A’s” with her teachers saying that she was among the best student they had ever had. She had set up a disciplinary system using “points” (every 3 points a small punishment, 10 points in a week a big punishment, no points in a week 5 cents more allowance (25 cents maximum), any points the following week- deduct 5 cents allowance (1 cent minimum). At that time I owed John \$2.05, and Bob \$3.15 (unless he doesn’t find his jacket in school in which case he gets assessed \$3.00). I comment; “Margaret thinks it beats spanking, but I think it’s kind of expensive.”

Paul At first, his new responsibilities for Housing as well as Food Services seemed almost too much. 14-hour days lose their enchantment after a while. Planning a new residence hall complex and a new student union, putting on an all-campus Halloween dinner, and feeding 2,000 parents a chicken box lunch kept him busy but satisfied and he was beginning to really feel that he belonged here. Now things are settling down and he feels very much part of everything... We finally sold our house in Evanston, but "took a bath" in the process, bought camping equipment but never used it much.

Margaret, as mentioned earlier, decided to go back to college and enrolled in graduate courses in the English Department. She had always been a voracious reader, liked to read and write poetry, and found the courses stimulating. She was lucky to have found, at U.O.P. some unusually gifted teachers, such as Lew Leiter, John Williams and Charles Clerc. That was the time when the “New Criticism” was being taught- i.e. that a story or poem should be interpreted by the students without referring to any comments by literary critics, but strictly by the students’ own interpretation of what they read. Margaret found this approach novel and inspiring. I was told later by one of those teachers that she had been the best student that they ever had in their classes. During that time, Margaret also became close friends with three women--Rolleen McIlwrath, Barbara Fass, and Ann Cerney – all of whom were about the same age as she was, and all became interested in the writings of Simone de Beauvoir, Betty Friedan, and others espousing the new feminism. All three later attended law school and ultimately Rolleen became a judge and Barbara mayor of the City of Stockton. For me, the role as the undisputed head of the household was slowly changing- but it was not until I married Peig several years later that I was beginning to “get the message” and I had to change—along with most other men of my and the succeeding generation.

By 1967 our life in Stockton had become almost a routine. I travelled to Montreal to see the results of my earlier work with "EXPO '67", the International World Exhibition and Margaret visited her relatives in Chicago. Carolyn had gone to the East Coast with her grandmother Mutti, had her first and second date and I took the three youngest on a 3-day camping trip to Fort Bragg, but had to get help to set up the tent. On one day the boys caught 110 small fish (guppies) and Susan caught a 5 lb. Flounder. I caught a seagull which got hooked trying to eat my bait. Margaret was deeply involved with her literature studies and loved her English literature instructors (Lew Leiter, John Williams, Maury McCollum) Sue joined a girl scout troop, Carolyn went on a Youth Study Camp near Santa Cruz, John took Hebrew lessons and Bob became the "denner" in his Cub Scout den of which Paul got to be the Cubmaster because there was no one else to volunteer. "Bobby" has now turned into "Bob" and a perfectly normal and cute 9-year old and said that he beat up Stephen Rhinefrank after the latter ran into his bike (sic). John excelled as a comedian, avid fisherman and self-styled scientist, while Susan got 5 A's in school and, as I said, "is her own best public relations expert (alas, she often rests from these efforts when at home). Carolyn, whose grades are equally good, became a member of the Thespian Club, confidante of everyone and "undoubtedly headed for a judgeship in a family relations court"...

CHAPTER 11. MY NEW JOB AT U.O.P.

I was excited about resuming my former career as a university food service director and “hit the ground running”. Several of my actions were unexpected by my superiors and proved to them early on that I knew what I was doing. The first item on my agenda was to make sure that the several hundreds of thousand dollars that U.O.P. was spending on food were wisely spent. To that end I contacted several of the wholesalers –not only the one in Stockton but also some in Sacramento. Since up to that point all the groceries and staples were purchased locally, one Sacramento supplier offered me a 10% discount for everything the school had bought currently. I eagerly accepted this offer, and gave him a contract for one semester. When Al Del Prede, the local supplier for the “Nugget” brand, questioned why I had done that, I told him: “Don’t worry, you will have a chance to put in a bid for the spring semester, and if you are low, I will gladly give the business back to you”. When the new bids were opened several months later, Al was the low bidder and stayed that way for the next twenty years.

Then I took a look at the bread bids. In Illinois, I was used to contract bread for an entire school year, with resultant very favorable prices from the bread manufacturer, who thus was assured of a steady income throughout the year. At U.O.P. however, the local bread company was owned by a Mr. Ingliss. When I mentioned this to Ingliss’s sales manager he warned me that Mr. Ingliss was a member of our Board of Regents and that his annual contribution to the university was around \$7,000. Nevertheless, I got permission from my superiors to go out for a competitive bid. At the time, the wholesale price of bread was 30 cents per 1 1/12 lb. loaf. Instead of issuing bids, I told the sales manager that if he gave me the same price that he was charging the local school district, he could keep the bread business. At

hearing this, he became pale; the next day he gave me a price of 20 1/2 cents per loaf. This saved the university approximately \$12,000 per year.

Another move, not financial but also dramatic, was when I recruited about six male students and offered to make them my “elite waiters”. I would train them to be professional waiters, pay them a little more than the regular student wage, and expected them to be available for all receptions and banquets. I bought them tuxedo jackets and black bow ties, and gave them white cotton gloves to wear. Well, formally dressed waiters with white gloves were certainly a novelty for Stockton, California. One of the first formal functions was a dinner for the Board of Regents. I arranged for a formal buffet, with a 60 lb. “steamship round” (baron of beef), a ham decorated with the insignia of the university, and a large ice carving with the letters U.O.P. on it, with the chef proudly standing behind it in his white regalia and my elite waiter corps with their white towels draped over their gloved arms. After that banquet, my job was secure. I subsequently continued to use white gloves for all of my student servers, long after the elite waiters had graduated, partly for effect and also because the dinner plates were always warmed and the

servers needed gloves to protect their hands. This eventually became a topic of conversation throughout the community. One odd event occurred about fifteen years later, when my John was an associate lawyer in a large law firm. The senior partner in that firm was one of my elite waiters, and I sent John a photograph to show to his boss to their mutual amusement!

In the late sixties, Caesar Chavez became the leader of the migrant farmer movement, seeking better wages and working conditions for the Hispanic workers in the field. He called for a boycott on grapes. Many of our students, and especially the ones in Raymond College (one of U.O.P.'s cluster colleges with a mostly liberal student population), insisted that I stop serving grapes. On the other side of this argument were the Japanese-American students, whose fathers were grape growers and who insisted that I not yield to the Raymond students' demands. While the Raymond students ate in the Quad dining halls, I knew that most of our football players and many of the Japanese-Americans ate in Anderson Hall. So I made a Solomonic decision: Each dining hall could vote on the issue. As expected, the Quad voted against it, Anderson voted for it, and that's how we solved the problem.

The late sixties and early seventies were turbulent times- even on college campuses. On Sunday, May 4, 1969 students in most colleges and universities undertook massive protests after learning that the U.S. had bombed Cambodia. Even at U.O.P., supposedly a more conservative, private university, students gathered on a hot Sunday morning to protest. The angry crowd was further inflamed by several liberal professors, who in shorts and T-shirts egged on the crowd. I could see them all from my office window and realized that they were all facing Anderson Hall, with its large panes of glass an inviting target for the crowd. I quickly asked my manager to make many gallons of ice cold lemonade, put them in large thermos containers, and stick a sign on each with large letters: "Compliments of U.O.P. Food Service". The lemonade went out, the thirsty students were thankful, and not a single stone was thrown in our direction!

Not everything that happened during that time ended so peacefully. Many of the Raymond students had cats and dogs in their dorm room, although it was expressly forbidden. These dogs would come into the dining hall and proceeded to eat from the leftover food from the trays in the dish racks. My pleas to the students, and even to the administrators of Raymond College, fell on deaf ears. In fact, Andy Key, their Assistant Provost, seemed to back the students in their desire for "freedom" and laughed at my predicament. After a while, when I could think of no other solution, I went to Berndt Kolker, the Provost, and told him flatly that if he did not help me keep the dogs out of the dining room, I would call the County Health Department and ask them to shut down the dining room as a health hazard. Berndt then realized that I was serious, and- like magic, the problem was solved.

An incident, now amusing, happened on a Sunday when I was off duty. One of the Raymond students had decided to create some trouble by driving his Harley Davidson motorcycle into the Raymond

Great Hall. J.R. Allison, a young assistant manager was on duty at the time. He heard the noise, went into the dining room, and saw the student on that beautiful, shiny new motorcycle. Forgetting himself, he said to the student: "My, what a terrific motorcycle you have...could I try it?" The student caught completely off-guard and somewhat non-plussed, handed the cycle to J.R. who, to the cheers of all the students, drove it around the dining room a couple of times and then out of the building! When I heard about it the next day, I gave J.R. a big hug and told him "well done!"

I faced another crisis during those turbulent years at the occasion of our Christmas vacation. By that time, housing had been added to my responsibilities. Since most students would leave their residence halls during the Christmas recess, and to prevent possible thefts, our policy was to close and chain-lock all the halls except a small one, where foreign students, and any Americans who could not go home during the holidays could stay. There were several Raymond students, however, who wanted to stay but did not want to leave their rooms and move into the designated hall. One of them was Chair of the Student Judiciary Council, and he had me come before this tribunal and explain my refusal to let them stay in their rooms. After my presentation, the Council decided to censure me for "lack of flexibility in dealing with student issues". I remember the large headline in the "Pacifcan", the campus newspaper-- "FAIRBROOK CENSURED". However, since I knew that my decision was the correct one, and had also checked it with my superiors, the censure didn't bother me and nothing came of it.

A similar problem confronted me in those days, when many students, including some of the cafeteria workers, were wearing long beards. I don't particularly like beards to begin with, and certainly not unkempt ones by students serving food. Therefore, I issued a ruling that student servers were not allowed to wear beards. Again, this issue came up before the Student Judiciary, but it was resolved when I yielded on the issue, insisting however that those with beards would wear beard nets. As I remember, that somehow seemed to solve the matter, although I do not remember exactly how.

I remember one final incident which happened during those tumultuous years. I had noticed that my unit managers in my three dining halls and my cash operation were constantly complaining to me that each was working harder, or had many more problems than all the other ones. I decided that I would solve this problem once and for all. At the time, all four managers and I were going to attend a food service conference in Seattle. I decided, arbitrarily, that I would use this occasion to transfer each of these managers to a different unit. Not only that, but that I would give them no advance notice, but just announce the change at the weekly staff meeting, just a couple of days before our trip. When I did so, you could have cut the air with a knife. They were all too surprised to say anything. However, they found their voice when they returned to their unit and the next day, a delegation of Raymond students carried their entire salad bar (about a dozen large bowls full of food) across the campus and proceed to place them on my conference table as a sign of protest. Even students from the other units accompanied them, suddenly

having discovered their love for their manager – although some, I swear, didn't even know them. Confronted with all this food, I called one of my porters and asked him to bring a large trash can and to dump the entire contents of the salad bar into the trash can. I explained to the students that: "surely you don't expect me to return this food to the dining room, after you have sneezed and perhaps spit into it on the way to my office?" The students seemed a little dumbfounded and hadn't expected that so much food would be wasted.

On the other hand, I realized that I had not properly prepared my staff for my decision, and that I had to yield. So I explained my motivation and made a deal with the students: "Let me have my way for four weeks, after which I promise to return your managers to their units". They accepted this compromise. The managers worked in the other units for a month and then returned, happily, to their own units. However, their criticism of the other units was significantly muted after that.

CHAPTER 12. DEATH OF MARGARET

In Mid-November, 1968, I received a phone call at work. It was my son Bob who said that his Mom was very ill. When I got home, I found her on the bed, semi-conscious. Dr. David

Green our wonderful physician was there within minutes and had me phone an ambulance. Margaret had had a “subarachnoid aneurysm”. Len Abbott’s wife Suzanne, a registered nurse, stayed with her all that first night but she told me later that she figured that there was little hope for her recovery, I believe that if this had happened today, an operation would have been successful- but at the time there was little hope. The children went to see her, still conscious a couple of days later but soon thereafter she went into a coma and died within a week.

I was amazed at the support I received from both the faculty and staff of the University, as well as from the congregation at Temple Israel. Everyone respected our desire for privacy, but everyone let us know that they were with us. We had a simple ceremony with Larry Jackson advising me and John Williams giving a short but heartfelt eulogy. I decided that the one thing I did not want to go through, neither for me nor for the children, was the normal reception after the funeral and the many people coming up to me to express their condolences. Right after the burial at the Jewish Cemetery, I put the children into our car and, with my sister Erika who had come out to help, we drove straight to San Francisco and stayed in the University’s high-rise apartment. My reasoning was that I wanted to draw a curtain between the “before” and the “after”. We spent a weekend in San Francisco, had meals, attended a movie, and on Sunday night we went back to our home in Stockton and tried to resume our normal life. I made arrangements with U.O.P. to pick up a dinner meal for us five every night before coming home, and that became the routine during weekdays. Prior to Margaret’s death I had often stayed at work until 6:30 or 7:00 p.m., often to Margaret’s annoyance who wanted to feed the family at around 6:30 p.m. I felt, however, that my presence in the dining room was essential. Afterwards, when I had to come home fairly punctually at 5:00p.m. or 5:30 p.m. (Carolyn, at 16, could watch the others until I came home) I discovered that my presence on campus wasn’t really that necessary and that everything went smoothly even if I were not there! I now wish that I had come to that conclusion a few years earlier, so that I could have had many more meals with Margaret and the children.

Without Margaret, I now realized that I needed to get a car for Carolyn. I had asked Reno Berbano, a friend and colleague at U.O.P. to pick a suitable car for her. One day he drove up in a beautiful Chevrolet sedan, with bright colors and a sun roof and a large poster taped on the side of the car saying “To Carolyn, from Dad”. She was thrilled and I was eternally grateful to Reno for that thoughtful assistance.

That year, my one year as an unmarried widower, passed somewhat uneventfully. I do recall going out on some dates – and once even inviting a young divorcee, a dietician from Southern California, to visit me and our children. She arrived at the Sacramento airport, with her three children. I think she expected to meet a wealthy executive. From the moment she arrived, everyone in both families wished that this meeting had never taken place and it was with a sigh of relief that I put her and her children on the plane two days later! She later married a wealthy car dealer, which was just what she had wanted in the first place.

As I recall, all the children that year got involved in Lincoln High School's Drama Department, which turned out to be a godsend for them and for me. The director, Tom McKenzie, was a gifted and sensitive person and a good influence. The two boys were into Little League and John started long-distance running.

CHAPTER 13. PEIG

In late August, 1969, a woman came into my office looking for a job. She said she was a graduate of the Cahal Brugha Catering School in Dublin, Ireland and she wondered if there was a job in our food service for her. I didn't really have any job openings, but that young woman had such a sparkling personality and enthusiasm that I figured I could just create a job for her and we would see what would happen, so I offered her a job as an Assistant Manager at a fairly low salary. Her name was Peig Kennedy. I soon realized that even though she may not have known anything about college food services, she certainly knew how to supervise students. She combined her friendly approach with an inner toughness which is just what we needed. When a large football player, for example, started to sneak a whole loaf of bread under his topcoat, she just walked up to him and in a matter of fact said to him, laughing: "You know that you can't take that out of the dining room" and just took it away from him. Since Peig had four older brothers, a large football player certainly would not worry her. Students seemed to like her right away –and on the advice of my Assistant Director, I increased her salary by a little within a month of hiring her. As I watched her job performance, I noticed a few other traits that suggested to me that she was special. For instance, she would go through the kitchen singing to herself. None of my other managers would sing while working- but the staff would turn their heads and clearly liked her singing. The more I watched her work, the more I liked what I saw and, in retrospect, I assume that it was mutual.

When it came time for the annual faculty/staff picnic in Micke Grove, I asked her to come along and she brought her 4-year old son Colman. He was a cute little boy and, though mentally challenged and not able to speak, seemed a happy little fellow and we got along right away. Soon thereafter I started dating Peig, and she agreed, in spite of being warned by her brother-in-law Sean O'Farrell, that dating a boss might not be a good idea! Thus, Peig had a chance to meet my four children and decided that perhaps they needed someone besides me to look after them. A couple of months later I took the children and a family friend, Julia ("Candy") Regan, to go skiing in the Sierras and, while in the mountain lodge of the Sierra Club, I proposed to Peig and she accepted. Her sister Una and Sean were understandably worried about such a quick engagement. I then invited them to join Peig and me for dinner in a nice restaurant. I don't know if it was the good food or our explanations – but it seemed that we had convinced them that our engagement was a good idea. I think it took a little longer to convince her large clan in Ireland, since her Pa and Ma made it a point to come to the U.S. within a couple of months after our marriage. They stayed with us a few weeks and I think I passed the test – even though they had probably never thought of Peig marrying a Jew- even if he was as non-religious as I was.

We got married on December 27th, during U.O.P.'s Christmas recess, in the home of Una and Sean. I hired one of our great cooks to prepare the buffet, and my family, as well as Una's large brood,

had a great time. My mother took care of my children, but Peig and I went on a three-day honeymoon which started in San Francisco, then to Carmel, then to San Luis Obispo and back home.

Thereafter we began our new life with Peig and Colman as part of the family. Colman had no trouble adjusting, since my children all seemed to love the little fellow and treated him like you would a younger brother. For Peig the adjustment was a bit more difficult. She had always been the popular youngest child in a family with seven children, and now she had to deal with a new role as a stepmother. That was not an easy task, given her different cultural upbringing and the children's unwillingness to accept a stepmother in the place of their deceased mother. For example, one day Bob, who was ten years old at the time, phoned me at work to complain: "Dad, Peig won't let me eat a sandwich on the street". Well, to be honest, that is a subject that had never come up with us Americans before, but in Ireland this was not acceptable behavior. Leaving the dinner table before Dad had finished eating was another manner that the kids had to be taught, however unwilling they might have been. Thus the first few years of our marriage took a lot of adjusting on the part of everyone. It was easiest for Bob, the youngest, as well as Carolyn, the oldest, but Susan and John had a really tough time. They all are now very fond of Peig and realize not only that she has been a great companion for their Dad but also terrific as a young and energetic grandmother. It took their growing into adulthood, however, to recognize the qualities in Peig which they may not have appreciated earlier.

For reasons which I cannot understand, I either did not write or did not save any of my annual letters until 1978 and therefore have difficulty describing our lives during that period. I remember that our adjustment as a family with a new stepmother was hard for everyone, but that as we all grew older, these difficulties were largely overcome and the children, as young adults, were beginning their paths to a future career.

In 1968, after Margaret's death in November, I merely sent a photo of the children and stated that with confidence in the future we send you our Season's Greetings". The photograph was taken by a friend Ed Schwyn, an excellent photographer and husband of one of my managers. In 1969, after the terrible invasion of Cambodia ordered by President Nixon, Peig got so upset that she convinced me to send a very touching card with a small black boy holding a piece dove and the words:

"Then let me hold my brother's hand Know not his color, but feel warm Pulsating life linked with mine Touching and intermingling his fears His hopes and aspirations with mine."

In 1971, Peig, Colman and I visited Ireland. For them, it was a happy homecoming, and for me it was a revelation. While I had been in England during World War II, I had never thought about Ireland. I was therefore delighted to experience the Irish custom of sitting down at a dinner meal and talking, visiting for hours thereafter. I also loved the quaint little shops and the excellent bus system to which my father-in law proudly introduced me. He was a veteran of Ireland's armed struggles in the 1920's, was

recognized by the bus drivers and never had to pay! While there, I painted the hallway with its 10-foot ceiling, and everyone admired how tall I was and how I could reach most everything without using a ladder.

CHAPTER 14. CONSULTING 1965-1970

Shortly after coming to Stockton, I had to follow up on the consulting that I had done a couple of years earlier in Montreal, when I helped prepare the bids for EXPO '67, the Canadian World's fair. I was asked to check out a traditional French-Canadian dish called "Tourtière à la Lac St. Jacques", to see if we could feature it in one of the Fair's many restaurants. I took the overnight train to Chicoutimi, almost near the end of civilization Northwest of Quebec City. My hostess Mrs. Moulton, the wife of a well-known beer manufacturer. was most gracious. While I was sleeping, she got up in the middle of the night to prepare this dish which had to be baked in the oven for several hours. When I tasted it the next noon, I found it absolutely delicious, but impractical for mass preparation. It consisted of several layers of mashed potatoes, in-between which there were layers of hare, chicken and pheasant. We calculated that in order to serve this entree for one day at the World's Fair, we might have to shoot every pheasant in Canada!

An interesting consulting assignment came to me in 1968 when Bruce Orvis, a wealthy ranch owner in San Joaquin County, asked me to design a kitchen for a new ski resort, Mt. Reba, being built in the Sierras on Highway 4. I told them that I knew nothing about ski resorts, but they told me that few other consultants knew much about it and hoped that I would tackle it. The task was challenging because they expected a few hundred skiers during the week, and up to two thousand on a weekend. For the weekends, we agreed on a simple menu with the hot food items being limited to soup, hamburgers, hot dogs and baked beans. Subsequently I visited almost every coffee shop between Stockton and Los Angeles and came up with a plan which was built around a new type of hamburger machine then being used at Disneyland. It had two moving belts under the gas burners one for the burgers and the other to toast the buns. It had a capacity of several hundred hamburgers per hour. Everything was fine until the owners hired a cook whose specialty, she said, was cooking chickens! Furthermore, she didn't like cleaning the big machine (which took a couple of hours- but could easily be done on a Monday. To my horror she convinced the owners to replace the machine with an ordinary 8-foot griddle which is still there today, and my beautiful machine was never used! The only consolation for me was that I had designed the bar in such a manner that the barrels of beer were in a walk-in refrigerator directly behind the bar and connected to a beer dispensing faucet at the bar. This was a relatively novel idea and is still being used today.

I had asked Len Abbott, the University architect, to become my associate and in the following years together we designed not only the kitchen at Mt. Reba, but also ones at the Castlewood Country Club, Cal State University/Long Beach, the Divine Gardens Coffee Shop, the University of the Pacific Student Center and others. My first pro bono kitchen was the one at Temple Israel in Stockton. I installed

three pass-through windows, including one which opened up to the outside, facing the Temple's large lawn. Some of the ladies belonging to Hadassah, the women's auxiliary, voiced their opinion that the kitchen was too large. Today the Temple has a large Community brunch every year in June for upwards of two thousand guests and, of course, now everyone believes that the kitchen is way too small!

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CHAPTER 15. MY WORK AT U.O.P. 1970-1985

It is difficult to remember what you did in one's job some forty years earlier. In looking back over newspaper clippings of the period, it is clear that whatever problems arose, I tried to solve them in a way that retained the confidence of the administration and the students in the food service and housing operations. Here are some of the highlights as described in the newspaper clippings:

In 1972, at the request of our close friend Fr. Michael Doheny, I did some pro bono consulting in Bangladesh and then started what was called "A Feast for Bangladesh". Some two dozen colleges joined us and we raised \$17,000 to help establish a modern commercial kitchen in that country.

In 1973, we setup some model dorm rooms by converting two rooms into a suite with one being a living room and the other a double bedroom. We called it "The Suite of the Future". We did wall-to-wall carpeting, matched bed coverings and drapes and installed modernistic furniture. It was not successful at the time, but these were forerunners of the 4-room suites currently being built, with each student having a single room, two bathrooms, a lounge and a kitchenette as part of the suite.

In 1973, we experienced a serious rise in food prices. We had to reduce the size of the servings, eliminate seconds on some items, and save 25 cents on the cost of food per meal.

In 1974, we opened the new University Center, which featured a table service dining room, a small cafeteria, a grocery store, and bookstore, Rathskeller and student apartments on the top floor. The apartments were an immediate hit, but the Rathskeller, intended as a late night hangout, caused problems which persisted for a number of years. Having a student manage the place was a disaster and evening entertainment never really took off. Students really wanted to drink alcoholic beverages and leave the campus at night and on weekends. Nevertheless, the food service facilities which I had designed won a national merit design award.

In 1976, we started an annual "Bake Shop Open House" where we displayed every type of bread and pastries that our bake shop produced throughout the year and invited the entire campus community for free coffee and donuts to see our display. We also began a serious program of nutrition education—especially since several of our managers were registered dietitians. While students showed some interest—when we spent a whole week trumpeting the value of good nutrition it turned out to be overkill and the students objected. In 1977, I introduced a relatively new concept by offering "do-it-yourself salad bars". (See Appendix "F").

In 1978, I initiated a Hamburger-judging contest which almost got me fired. As a monotony breaker, I thought it would be fun to compare five of the most popular fast food hamburgers with one of our own. Unfortunately, McDonalds hamburgers came in fifth out of six, and the local franchisee then threatened to withdraw a \$25,000 pledge to the University. The S.F. Chronicle featured the headline:"

University in a Pickle over a Hamburger!” However, when Time magazine heard of the story, the gentleman quickly reversed himself and all turned out well.

In 1979, I was assigned the additional job of liaison officer for the Feather River Prep School, a private school for young men and women who had trouble succeeding in a regular high school. It was located in Blairsden, about 120 miles from Stockton. It was donated to us by the owner of Long’s Drug Stores. It was a challenging addition to my regular job, and I did the best I could for several years, after which the job went to another administrator at U.O.P. who owned a private plane and could therefore travel back and forth more easily.

In 1980, I opened the “Sidewalk Café”, to create yet another alternative to eating in the residence hall dining rooms. I had red-checkered tablecloths, multi –colored patio umbrellas- with seating both inside and outside, and Mexican Food. The idea was only moderately successful and closed after several years. My article “My Public Image” was published in 1980 (See Appendix “G”).

In 1982 I appointed Jon Lewis as Assistant Food Service Director. He became my understudy and in 1985, when I retired, he took over my job. Jon ultimately became Director of Dining Services at Ball State University in Indiana.

In 1985, I took advantage of a “Golden Handshake” which was then offered by the University to its long-time staff. As I presented President Stan McCaffrey with a copy of my new book, I decided to tell him that I would retire the following August –exactly twenty years after joining the University. The idea of getting a year’s salary as a bonus, plus the knowledge that I could continue my consulting and lecturing career, gave me the courage to make such a decision.

From 1966 through through the 1970’s I also taught an evening class at the San Joaquin Delta Community College.. Most of the time I taught a course in Management and Supervision, but occasionally also Personnel Management and Sales Techniques. I enjoyed my once-a –week teaching experience, although the extra income was also always a factor. In 1973 I received a commendation letter from Dean Lauren which you can find in Appendix “W”.

CHAPTER 16. INTERNATIONAL DINNERS

Of all the innovations which I introduced during my career in college food service (e.g. salad bars, chilled salad plates, the "wave system" of serving banquets and white gloves for the servers), the one of which I am most proud were the annual International Dinners on the U.O.P. campus. When management contractors like SAGA and ARAMARK introduced the Saturday night steak dinners, I felt that I had to come up with something different, something that our residence hall students could talk about to their families and friends. While most campuses were serving occasional "international dinners", these were normally restricted to having some native dishes from various countries on the serving line. Such dinners, while interesting, never made much of a lasting impression. I remember that once, for a Thanksgiving meal, I served everyone a small (and expensive!) Filet Mignon, a student afterwards said to me: "Is that what those chewy hamburgers were?" That is when I decided that if I were to produce a special dinner, everyone would be aware of it and that such a meal would make a lasting impression. The result: My annual, all-campus International Dinners. It started with a Japanese Dinner at which one of U.O.P.'s Japanese instructors, Mr. Karabayabashi helped me to bring the owner of a San Francisco Japanese restaurant to our campus, to supervise the preparation of a genuine Japanese dinner for about 3,000 customers. We managed to have Japan Air Lines donate to us several thousand of their blank menu covers, on which our Print Shop printed the menu, with detailed description of each item being served. Furthermore, I researched Japan's culinary traditions (often from the "Time-Life" series of recipe books) and printed a description on the other side of the menu. I also obtained large travel posters from the Japanese Tourist Bureau, hired a Japanese dancer as entertainment and played Japanese music in all the dining halls. Faculty and staff were invited at special low rates, so that the entire Community could participate. This dinner turned out to be so successful, that I decided to make such events an annual affair. There followed a Hawaiian BBQ where we set up a stage on a large lawn and had our Hawaiian Student Club put on a series of dance performances, with comic relief by having some campus athletes being dragged onto the stage to dance the "Hula". A Hawaiian dancer used a flaming sword to entertain the crowd. Club members then demonstrated the roasting of a 100 lb. pig. Parents of two of our Hawaiian students donated several hundred fresh pineapples, which were flown from Hawaii to U.O.P. with compliments of Hawaiian Airlines, one of whose executives happened to be a mother of one of our students. These were followed by a U.S.A. Centennial Dinner set up like a regular county fair, where Stockton folk dancers performed and pulled in students to participate, with many booths serving typical American food and drinks. Celebrating the return of some of our Callison College students from Bangalore, we staged an Indian Dinner, supervised by the owner of the India House Restaurant in San Francisco. Many of our students wore their saris, and one of our Indian kitchen workers, normally a

dishwasher, became the Chief Cook for the day. (I should have had Spaghetti and Meat Sauce as an alternative for the football players, however, as I learned to my dismay!)

One year I noticed that we had a group of Malaysian and Indonesian students on campus, which did not seem to mingle well with all the others. I therefore decided to put on an Indonesian/Malaysian Dinner and asked these students going home for Christmas to bring back costumes and props for a genuine native show. I asked President McCaffrey to invite the Malaysian and the Indonesian consuls for this occasion and they both came. We then witnessed a fantastic show, which included an Indonesian Wedding Ceremony, a drum dance by some Malaysian students, and two brief travel films. Five hundred of U.O.P. students were invited to the dinner/show. Not only did this dinner seem to break the ice between the two groups of students but the following year the number of students from these two countries increased significantly.

We followed the above dinners with one on Yugoslavia, one celebrating the Olympics in Sarajevo, one on Switzerland celebrating the anniversary of Albert Einstein, and other dinners featuring Italy, Holland, Latin America and, at the end of my tenure, to make a statement of our friendship with our Arabian students, a Pan-Arab Dinner.

None of the above described dinners could match, in scope in efforts, and in expense the Discover America Dinner. That was the year when President Nixon declared 1972 as the "Discover America Year." The following are the various steps we took to make this all-campus event a memorable one:

1. We wrote to the tourism offices of all 48 states and asked for 1,000 descriptive pamphlets. We received answers from about 20 states, and had three students work several days to stuff 1,000 trash bags donated by the American Automobile Association so that students had a chance to learn more about the various states

2. We had President McCaffrey invite the Assistant Secretary of Commerce to come from Washington to give an address on "Discovering America"...

3. To guarantee a large audience, we asked Western Airlines to donate a couple of free tickets to Las Vegas, which we then raffled off after the lecture. You had to be present to win!

4. We put on a Progressive Dinner involving all four dining halls. The first, Grace Covell Hall, featured dishes from the East; the next, Anderson, from the South; the third, Callison served Western meals and the fourth, Elbert Covell College served dessert from California and Alaska.

5. Posters provided by various states were hung on the walls of all the dining rooms. 6. Musical groups, hired from Conservatory students, played in each dining hall.

7. To provide local color, we placed a sailboat in Grace Covell Hall, a tractor and bales of hay in Callison, and in Elbert Covell, an attractive Hawaiian student in a Bikini who gave out California oranges while standing on a VW Bug automobile.

8. All diners had to go from one dining hall to another-and the average length of a complete dinner was approximately three hours. The entire event was a huge success, cost a ridiculous amount of money, and will be remembered by everyone who attended. The following is the overall menu:

Menu

THE EAST Grace Covell	MIDWEST/SOUTHWEST Callison	THE SOUTH Anderson	WEST/HAWAII/ALASKA Elbert Covell
<i>New Jersey Cranberry Juice Cocktail</i>	<i>Kansas Apple Cider</i>	<i>Florida Orange Juice</i>	<i>California Oranges</i>
<i>New England Clam Chowder</i>	<i>Beef BBQ Ribs</i>	<i>Maryland Fried Chicken with Cream Gravy</i>	<i>Washington Apples</i>
<i>Pennsylvania Dutch "Schnitz & Knepe"</i>	<i>Iowa Corn-on-the-Cob</i>	<i>Kentucky Fried Peach Half</i>	<i>Oregon Pears</i>
<i>Boston Baked Beans</i>	<i>Pickled Beans & Beet Salad</i>	<i>Louisiana Jambalaya</i>	<i>Hawaiian Pineapples</i>
<i>Boston Brown Bread</i>	<i>Michigan-Wisconsin Cheese Tray</i>	<i>Virginian Sally Lunn</i>	<i>Alaskan "Aqutuk" (Ice Milk & Blueberries)</i>
	<i>Hot Homemade Bread</i>	<i>Black-eyed Peas</i>	<i>Oatmeal Cookies Toll-House Cookies Old-Fashioned Farm Cookies</i>

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC ALL-CAMPUS "DISCOVER AMERICA" DINNER

FEBRUARY 21, 1972

CHAPTER 17. THE FAMILY IN THE SEVENTIES

For some reason, I either did not write annual Christmas letters between 1970 and 1978, or they were somehow lost. Sometime early in the Seventies, my mother moved into our back apartment and spent half a year in Stockton and the other half in Dallas with Erika. Also that is the time when my brother George and his wife Ilse moved to Stockton. I remember, that during those years my children went through the dreaded “teenage years” (In 1970, Carolyn was 18, Susan was 15, John was 13 and Bob was 12). During the summers of 1973-1975, John and Bob each spent a few weeks with the Doheny family on their farm in Ireland-which turned out to be a great experience for both. While Carolyn was away at college and presented no problems to us parents, the others often made life miserable for Peig and difficult for me. Susan, however, after attending Humboldt State for a summer session, decided to leave for France where she got a job working as a secretary to an American lawyer. At the end of that year I sent her an airplane ticket from Paris to Dublin, where she first met Peig’s Irish family. Needless to say, they welcomed her with open arms, and Susan began to understand Peig better as a result of this experience. Carolyn graduated from UC Berkeley in 1974 and began teaching in 1977. John attended Humboldt State College, majored in History, and made donuts in the University’s Bake Shop every morning. Bob attended U.O.P. and sold cars at Gewecke Ford, Colman spent his weekdays in the Hanot Residential Facility, where he lived in as house with five other residents and a favorite counselor named Bob. Every other weekend he came home, where he resumed his normal routine of visiting the neighbors, watching some TV, interrupting his Dad in the office, his Mom wherever she was, and in general being a loving and uncomplicated young man. In 1986 one of Margaret’s nieces, Jean Vogt, came to live with us for a few months, started working at U.O.P. and then married Jim Segura. Jean developed a very close relationship with both Peig and me, and today I consider her almost like my third daughter. My Christmas letter in 1978 contained the following tidbits:

□ PEIG finished her student teaching and was planning to start as a Special Ed. teacher in January.

□ PAUL finished writing the manuscript for his first book The College and University Food Service Manual after receiving a grant from the Exxon Corporation and spending much time writing in the cabin in Arnold

□ COLMAN, “an avid devotee of the TV series “Emergency”, was field testing his TV knowledge with whoever stumbles into the house. He was observed covering a potential accident victim (a six year old girl) with a sheet, then helping her walk to the stretcher which, conveniently, was imagined to be in the back of the pickup”.

□ CAROLYN and her husband Bruce Chandler, got jobs in New Trails School, a school for emotionally disturbed children near Redding, California. Carolyn had earned her teaching credentials from UC Berkeley and Bruce was working as an all-around handyman.

□ SUSAN, after graduating from UC Berkeley in June with a major in French, worked for a while at the Students Abroad department at CAL and then took a job as a production supervisor with the consulting firm Booz, Allen & Hamilton.

□ JOHN spent a year in graduate school at Humboldt State, and I stated in my letter: “the fact that someone named Peggy is still finishing her senior year at Humboldt is not entirely a coincidence!”

□ BOB was heard to describe his clients as follows:” We can tell by the car he drives, what kind of car he will want;’ we match our accent to the buyers, pick out the car he might like, and show him another one first!” Karen worked as an Assistant Manager in a sunglass store.

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CHAPTER 18. MY NEW BOOK: The College and University Food Service Manual

As I mentioned in Chapter 8, in 1983 I had decided to leave the Culinary Institute of America and set up my own food service management consulting business “Paul Fairbrook Associates”. At that time my friend Don Greenaway, President of the National Restaurant Association, asked me to write a small book for the Small Business Administration (S.B.A.) entitled Starting and Managing a Small Business for which he paid me \$50.00 per day. This was one of a series of booklets published by the S.B.A. intended to help small start-up business owners in various fields; thus, I had to follow a somewhat strict guide and could not follow my creative urgings. It did awake the author in me, however, and by 1979, after having directed the food services at the University of the Pacific for 14 years; I was ready to put my new-found knowledge into book form. To the best of my knowledge, no one had ever written one about college food service specifically; I felt that this was such a special area of food service management that it deserved a manual to guide newcomers in this rapidly expanding vocation. I also discovered that an Exxon Grant for \$1,050 was available to budding authors at universities, providing that the employer would grant the author a paid leave of absence for several months while the book was written. My immediate superiors, as well as President McCaffrey all approved, and I started to write this book in our mountain cabin in Arnold, while occasionally checking up on campus to make sure that everything was all right. I had brought files of material with me to the cabin, but discovered to my surprise that I needed only few of these documents; my mind was so full of experiences that I wanted to share with my readers that this 438 page book almost wrote itself! After about three months of writing I had the book in such shape that I could return to work and finish the writing in my spare time.

At first, I sent it to publishers, who returned the manuscript with the following comments:

“Your writing is the best I have ever seen in a food service text. It is clear and concise, your points are well made, and are clearly and logically presenter. And because he flow is so good, the reader’s interest does not flag, however.....”

Diane Lewis, Editor, Ahrens Publishing Company

“....the book is very well prepared, and certainly seems to be comprehensive in its coverage of the university food service market. You are to be congratulated for a very professional piece of work, but....”

Both letters ended with words such as:

“however, since the market for university food service is so limited, we cannot publish this book”.

These rejections turned out to be fortunate for me. I decided that I would self-publish the book which meant, if successful, that I would net about 40% instead of the 15% in royalties that one would

receive from a publisher. In 1959 I had been one of the 19 founders of The National Association of College and University Food Service Association (NACUFS) which, by 1980, had grown to about 800 members. I was given by NACUFS a complete set of address labels of the names of my colleagues, many of whom I knew personally. I therefore decided to prepare an eye-catching, two color fold-out flyer with the heading: "The first complete and practical manual on college and university food service operation". The flyer included complimentary letters from respected colleagues, a table of contents, sample excerpts from the book as well as an order form (See Appendix "H").

I also sent copies to trade magazines which resulted in several complimentary reviews. Well, the result surprised and delighted Peig and me. The first printing of 1,000 copies was almost immediately sold out, and my home became a mailing operation where Peig and I, as well as my niece Jean, were frantically trying to fill the many orders that arrived daily. Even the second printing was more than half quickly sold out and I continued to receive orders (some from overseas) for several years thereafter. The net result was that, having self-published the book, my net was almost 50% of the \$16.50 price of the book instead of the 15% royalty I would have received from a publisher. Since Peig and I added a studio apartment to our home to accommodate my mother later in that year, the book helped pay for most of it.

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CHAPTER 19. THE FAMILY 1980-1990

In thinking back to the last forty years of our lives, I am amazed of how many overseas trips we took during that period. Instead of trying to weave these trips into my description of our family history, I have decided to list these separately in Appendix “”. Whatever stopped me from writing annual family letters between 1980 and 1990 I cannot explain? I did write one in 1982, 1984 and 1986 and I will have to depend on these, some other documents, as well as my now faulty memory to recreate these years for you.

The 1980's is when my first set of grandchildren was born. The first were Bob and Karen's Miranda in 1980, whose sister Melanie came in 1981 and brother Zachary in 1988. John and Peggy's daughter Allison was born in 1982; Carolyn and Bruce's children came when Nicholas was born in 1983 and Emily in 1987. My 1982 Christmas letter contained the following news about my family:

“Peig In 1980 was appointed Program Specialist for Special Education for the Stockton Unified School District (S.U.S.D.) and kept close watch over the handicapped children in the District, convening numerous Individual Educational Programs (I.E.P.'s) and watching over the individual mental and physical development of its students. She is also enjoying doing pottery, happily working her wheel in the garage while greeting the neighbors as they walked by.

Paul, having sold out the second printing of his book The College and University Food Service Manual was embarking on his second book Public Relations and Merchandising in College Food Service. Having hired a new Assistant Food Service Director, Jon Lewis, to handle the everyday details, things were looking up for him.

Colman, now eighteen, worked as an assistant in the Walton Development Center in the mornings where he helped he clients with their wheelchairs, set tables and many other chores. Once or twice a week he worked as a volunteer dishwasher in the University Dining Rooms.

Carolyn was teaching Special Education Students in Hayward, while Bruce became an intern for the US. Geological Survey in Palo Alto

Susan in her second year at Hastings Law School has found out that students working a 26-hour day have an 8.3% advantage over normal students. She was also on the Law Journal, worked as a teaching assistant, interviewed for a future job and was even attending an occasional class.

John, who passed his bar exam, worked as a staff attorney at Bullen, McCone in Sacramento, and specialized in defending the Ford Motor Company from injury claims, while Peggy was courageously trying to combine being a wife, mother to Allison and an evening law student at McGeorge School of Law.

Bob and Karen both registered at the University of the Pacific (U.O.P.), while Bob sold insurance, Karen took care of Miranda and Melanie, managed the household and both participated in acting or directing plays”.

By 1984 some dramatic changes occurred in our family – changes that would show the future path for each of the family members involved. These changes are described in the 1974 Family Newsletter as follows:

“Peig was active and creative in her job at S.U.S.D. She set up over a half dozen transition classes in elementary and high schools situations etc.), instituted innovative new programs such as the “Individual Critical Skills Model (ICSM) to teach the students to adapt to real life (e.g. shopping, riding a bus), and edited a monthly newsletter for the Special Ed Department entitled”Developments” .She continues to work her pottery wheel in the garage, but is yearning to quit her job some day and run a real artist studio.

Paul published his second book “Public Relations in College and University Food Service”. While giving a copy of the new book to the University’s President Stanley McCaffrey, he also told him that he wanted to resign at the end of that academic year in order to devote full time to writing, lecturing and consulting. A major reason for deciding to resign in 1985 was that the University offered a “golden handshake” to faculty and administrators who were ready to retire, consisting of a year’s salary. He decided that it would take a long time to save up that much money, and was also sure that he would be able to succeed to go back into consulting full-time. As it turned out, U.O.P. gave him an additional \$9,000 to be available for consulting for three years after his retirement; this money was just what was needed to plan a nice, extended visit to Europe which Peig and he had wanted to do for a long time.

He also became active in St. Mary’s Dining Room, helped to write and received a grant for over \$300,000 and designed a new kitchen and dining room which would feed over 400 needy clients.

Colman went to live in a group home called “The Hanot Home”, about 20 miles from Stockton where he lived in a home with seven other young handicapped adults and a counselor, cooked their own meals, do activities together and, during the week attended school, Activities Centers or Sheltered Opportunity Workshops. Every two weeks he came home to his own room, with an unvarying routine that included talking to all the neighbors who knew him and loved him.

Carolyn, now living in Berkeley, had given birth to Nicholas, was still teaching handicapped children but considering switching to teaching English in High School. Bruce had finished his 2-year internship at the U.S. Geological Survey and had enrolled at UC Berkeley majoring in Education. Both had spent two years working in a private school in Redding, and hoped to return there some day.

Susan was one of the 3100 students (42%) who passed the California Bar Exam and thereupon travelled to England to enjoy her “last chance of freedom”. She was hired by Heller, Herman, White and McAuliffe in San Francisco and worked about 60 hours per week in business law.

John continued to work as an associate in a respected Sacramento law firm. Peggy was also one of the 42 % who had passed the bar exam in 1984 and now was working in another law firm, while attending to daughter Allison, helped in this tremendously by Peggy’s parents, the Woos.

Bob and Karen, both having graduated from U.O.P.in 1983 (with each holding one daughter in their arms) had moved to Seattle where Karen enrolled as a graduate student in Drama at the University of Washington. Bob set up a small insurance brokerage business and concentrated on selling tax-sheltered annuities to the teachers of various school districts”.

CHAPTER 20. The TED MINAH AWARD and the SILVER PLATE AWARD

In 1984 and in 1985 I was honored with two national awards. At their national convention in Kansas City in 1984, the National Association of College and University Food Services (NACUFS) gave me the “Ted Minah Award”. Ted Minah was the original founder of the organization in 1959 (I joined them at the time as well) and this award was designed to honor a member of NACUFS “in recognition of outstanding contributions to college and university food service operations”. By 1984 NACUFS had grown to over 800 members and at a formal dinner I was presented with a beautiful silver plate which I have kept to this day

In 1985 I was named by the International Foodservice Manufacturers Association (IFMA) as the recipient of the 1985 “Silver Plate Award” in “lasting and outstanding contributions to the college and university food service industry”. From the eight silver plate recipients, the jury selects by secret ballot the “Food Service Operator of the Year”, which is announced at a formal dinner of more than 1500 food service executives and their guests. It was held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Chicago, and featured an elegant champagne reception, a five-course gourmet dinner, vintage wines and musical entertainment. As each of us eight recipients entered the hall on a red carpet, our photograph was flashed on all four corners of the room while everyone applauded. Peig, of course, would have none of this formality and, holding my hand, danced down the hall in typical Irish fashion. Even though I was not selected as the winner of the Golden Plate, receiving a Silver Plate was nevertheless a great boost to my morale and was recognized nationally for years afterwards. One side benefit was that “Food Management”, the leading trade magazine, published a seven page biography and flew in a professional photographer to illustrate the article (see Appendix “I”).

Even though Peig and I had flown to Chicago, received the V.I.P. treatment, taken to some of the finest hotels in town for a week-long very special meals, we both thought that the whole thing was a bit overwhelming, and perhaps intended more to gain publicity for IFMA than for the recipients. At that time, I was also named “Lifetime Honorary Member” not only by NACUFS but Also by the Canadian College and University Food Service Food Association (CCUFSA) and the National Association of College Auxiliary Services (NACAS) which helped me maintain contact with each of these groups throughout my life. At my retirement party, President McCaffrey also awarded me “The Order of the Pacific”, which is normally awarded to Emeriti faculty members who have distinguished themselves after many years of service to the University (See Appendix “J”).

CHAPTER 21. CONSULTING, WORKSHOPS, and LECTURING (1985-2000)

When I was offered job at U.O.P. in 1965, I had an active consulting practice in Chicago. My employment contract allowed me to continue such consulting work, as long as it did not interfere with my duties at the University. I managed to add to my salary by doing an average of about five consulting assignments each year. These consisted of the following:

Study of Operations: This involved visiting other food services for a period of from one to three days, evaluating all aspects of their operations (e.g. Quality of food, Sanitation, Service, Efficiency and Finances) and culminating in both a verbal summary to the clients at the end of the visit, followed by a 20-30 page written report.

Lectures/ Speeches: Various professional associations such as the Oklahoma Restaurant Association and the Oregon School Food Service Association hired me to be a speaker at their annual conferences. In the speeches I usually summarized, with lively examples, all the basic elements that make up a high quality dining service. Often, I illustrated an example of poor performance, such as wiping the food off the table onto the floor and with a dirty wash rag. Another such example was how to be an inattentive cashier at the entrance to the dining hall.

To make my point, I sat down with my both feet on the desk and read a Playboy magazine. For maximum effect, I selected a centerfold with two beautiful nude twin ladies. I did this stunt many times, and whenever I turned the page toward the audience, it always got a resounding laugh.

But as I did my trick at the University of Dayton, in front of several hundred students and faculty Members, I noticed that the Director of the Student Union, a middle-aged lady, was shooing all of the students near her out of the theatre. It was then I realized that while funny to many it was offensive to some and stopped using Playboy for this act.

Workshops. As a consultant, I discovered that while many public speakers geared their talks to management, there were few, if any, who had prepared a brief training workshop for the classified staff, i.e. the cooks, salad workers, dishwashers, porters, etc. Thus, I had prepared a one- or two-day workshop, one for the kitchen staff and the other for the managers. These workshops always included one or two breakout sessions where the audience, divided in groups of ten or less, had to discuss and solve daily problems, with a leader of each group giving a report on their group's findings to the entire audience. One popular assignment was to discuss "Paul's Pet Peeves", where I had given them a list of my ten pet peeves (e.g. cold food, perishable food not refrigerated, sloppy service) and asked each group to come up with a list of their own. Since one of these groups was composed of the unit managers and their assistants, these sessions always were lively, informative and (I hope) helpful. A flyer describing such a workshop is shown in Appendix "K".

Kitchen Design: During my five years at Northern Illinois University, I had a chance to assist the architect Orme Evans in the planning and design of a new 1200-student residence hall. In fact, Orme and I had become good friends, and I was thrilled when he proposed to me that he would not plan the structural columns in the new kitchen until I had indicated where the serving lines were to be. That is how I got my feet wet in designing commercial kitchens. The largest of these was the kitchen in the Bendix Corporation's Kansas City plant (done in partnership with a very experienced colleague), which was a huge food court serving over 3,000 employees in thirty minutes or less. Somehow such design services were in great demand, and in the course of my career I designed many kitchens of various sizes. In Stockton alone I designed, pro bono, kitchens in Temple Israel, three Catholic churches, and helped with one Protestant church.

As you can see in Appendix "L", my consulting jobs increased significantly after my retirement from U.O.P. In the five years between 1985-1990, I visited over sixty colleges and universities alone! More importantly, retirement allowed me to take my lectures and workshops overseas – first to England and then to Germany and Australia. Since university food service directors are not known for their prolific writing, I also managed to write many articles for our professional journals and trade magazines (See Appendix "M").

In 1987, I was asked by our local newspaper, The Record, to write a weekly column of restaurant reviews. I named my column "Check Please" and enjoyed sharing my opinions with our local residents. I made sure, however, that none of my columns were so critical that they would seriously impact the restaurant's business. I did this for about three years and then got tired of it and stopped.

CHAPTER 22. REAL ESTATE INVESTMENTS

Even though Peig and I were not interested in investing in real estate, during the 1970's we did in fact purchase several homes as investments. Even though we both realized that Peig would eventually like to live in her own home rather than the one on Bonnniebrook, we decided to wait until the children were through Lincoln High School. In 1973 one of the U.O.P. professors left for South America. His spacious 3--bedroom house at 1147 Elmwood Avenue was only six blocks from U.O.P. and the price of \$26,000 fit into our budget. That move was ideal because both of us were going to the university daily--Peig as a college student and I in my job.

In July 1977 our realtor and friend, Carl Isaacs, called our attention to a deal that we could not pass up. The owner of a duplex wanted to sell it to someone with a good credit rating- and was willing to accept a very small down payment, with a "balloon payment" due eight years later.

Since the house was in an ideal location, close to Stockton's Miracle Mile, and had two long-term tenants, we were able to buy it using the equity of our home as collateral. When we sold this house in 2008, the proceeds went a long way to making our impending retirement relatively comfortable. Another fortunate coincidence occurred a month later. One of Peig's Physical Education teachers, Libby Matson, was getting ready to retire. She owned a small vacation cabin in Arnold, 85 miles from Stockton and a jumping off town for skiers. Peig was one of her students and Libby was especially fond of her. When we told her that we were interested she made us such a generous offer that we could not refuse. We paid it off in small amounts over a few years and enjoyed the cabin for over thirty years until we sold it to Peig's nephew Colm Kennedy who, with his wife Stephanie and two small children was ready for it.

In 1980, we decided to add a small studio apartment to our home. It had a separate entrance as well as a door to the back yard. This turned out to be a godsend since my mother, at 82 years of age, had to give up her house in New York and subsequently divided her time between my sister Erika in Austin, Texas and with us.

CHAPTER 23. TWO MORE BOOKS about College and University Food Services

In 1984, after having served as a College Food Service Director for over thirty years, I came to realize that one of the elements of my success were my ever-present efforts at Merchandising and Public Relations. Once, when I had put a delicious Vichyssoise soup on the menu, a student ran into the kitchen and shouted: "Who in hell is serving us cold soup?" Such incidents made me aware that serving delicious food wasn't enough: we had to constantly market and promote our products and services. In future years, you could see me stand on a chair and tell the several hundred students in the dining room, "Please pay attention- tomorrow we are serving Prime Ribs of Beef," or put a sign in front of the soup: "This is a famous French cold soup!"

I then decided to publish a book entitled: Public Relations and Merchandising, a Handbook for College and University Food Services. In this book, I not only described the various ways to market one's food services, but also included complete pages of promotions both from U.O.P. and from other schools, which the readers could photocopy and use in their own operations. This idea turned out to be a mistake, because I decided to make the book spiral-bound for easier copying and make the size 8" high x 11" wide, which meant that it didn't fit easily in a standard book rack. While I sold about 900 copies of the original printing of 1,000 copies, I was a little disappointed.

In 1992, I wrote my third book about college food services. The 1990's turned out to be a greater challenge for the campus food service director than any of the prior decades. Less students signed up for residence halls, off-campus students spent less or ate elsewhere, operating costs increased in spite of decreasing sales and funds for renovation were practically unavailable. Furthermore, management contractors were constantly knocking on administrator's doors with tantalizing offers that even the most loyal boss might have found hard to resist. Students were less and less willing to commit to year-long meal contracts, their tastes and eating habits (e.g. grazing) were changing, and competition from off-campus food services like "Domino's Pizza" discovered late night deliveries to campus residence halls.

At U.O.P, I encountered these problems just like all my other colleagues in the U.S.A. and I decided to describe these problems and their possible solutions in an 8 1/2" x 11" 42-page booklet entitled Managing for Profit in Difficult Times. This book turned out to be only modestly successful for me, largely because I had agreed, instead of self-publishing it myself, to let it be published by the "National Association of College Auxiliary Services" (NACAS) whose Executive Director was a friend of mine. This meant that I had to agree to a 15% honorarium instead of the 40-50% I made on my earlier book. Also, NACAS stopped promoting the book after their first announcement, whereas, with self-publication, I normally would continue promoting my books long after the book was first distributed. Nevertheless the book received excellent reviews and I was happy having written it. In fact, the last one-page chapter

entitled “The Contribution of Campus Food Service to the Overall Mission of its Institution” was a succinct summary of how I have always felt about my job, and can be seen in Appendix “N “.

CHAPTER 24. VIRGINIA TECH

Late in December, 1989, while Peig was walking our dog, I got a phone call from someone at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute (Va. Tech) asking if I was interested in applying for the job of Interim Director for the Spring Term of 1990 which was about to start in mid-January. The former director (a friend of mine) had retired the previous summer and they urgently needed a replacement. Virginia Tech, with 23,000 students of whom 8,000 live on campus, was the largest university in Virginia, located in Roanoke, VA. 240 miles South of Washington, D.C. This sounded like a fantastic opportunity and I immediately said yes (to this day Peig has not quite forgiven me for not waiting until she got home from her walk!). Since the spring term started early in January I told them that, if chosen, I wanted to be there at the start of classes. I then said to Peig that I felt 100% sure that they would hire me and that I put pack my bags for the long stay. My salary was much more than I had ever made and I thus assured Peig that we would see each other at least every month. Furthermore, since my sister-in-law Carrie lived near Washington D.C., we would both have a chance to visit her as well.

As I expected, they hired me on the spot and I was lucky to find a small furnished apartment which a graduate student wanted to sublet for the spring term. On the day classes started I was on campus, directing any new students to their residence hall, since apparently no one in Housing had thought of taking care of that. The next morning, I met with my new staff (approximately 200 persons) and told them what I expected I also said that even though I was only an Interim Director they should follow my instructions as if I would be there permanently. I especially informed them my insistence that all hot food be served really hot. The following noon, while visiting a large dining hall which had six serving lines to feed 3,000 students, I came upon one line where I saw that the gravy over the minute steaks was shiny, i.e. not very hot. I closed that line immediately and told the six women servers to take everything from the steam table and not return until everything was piping hot. They did so and the line re-opened in about 15 minutes. The next day, however, when I re-visited the dining hall, a student approached me and asked: "Aren't you the guy that got us the hot food?" Those six months at VA Tech were really busy ones for me and since I had no family with me. I often worked until late into the night. To give you an idea of what I was doing, see Appendix "O". Towards the end of my reign I was offered the job permanently; however, the idea of leaving California and all the family that was on the West Coast did not appeal to me. I helped VA Tech to find a permanent successor, John Engstrom, who arranged for me a sumptuous going-away party with a fancy buffet and flamed Bananas Foster as dessert. At the end of my stay I received a very complimentary letter from my boss, Edward Spenser, which you can see in **Appendix "Q"**.

CHAPTER 25. THE FAMILY 1990-2000

During the six months that I was in Blacksburg, I flew home three times and Peig visited me three times (once with Colman who had stated to wonder where “Daddy” was). I also spent two weeks in Ireland and England. Peig and I attended our niece Naoise’s confirmation and visited our close friend Fr. Michael Doheny, who had suffered a stroke in Ireland but was thrilled to see us. In England we saw Peig’s brother Raymond with his wife Yasmin and their 18 month old son Raymond Jr. (nickname: “Chotto”) . In the second half of 1990 I did a number of workshops and consulting jobs while Peig was busy teaching special needs children and enjoying her pottery in our garage.

In the summer of 1990 John married his current wife Debbie. Debbie is an excellent stepmother to John’s daughter Allison and John became well known in Sacramento as a successful litigator.

1991 was truly a busy one for us. Peig had sold one of her ceramic “moon pots” for \$500,- a large 20 “ high and 18” wide ceramic pot which she had made after seeing the volcanoes in Hawaii. We figured it was time to build her a proper studio, and the easiest way was just to add a second story to our 2,000 sq. ft. one-story house. Thanks to a creative design by our architect friend Brent Lesovsky, we wound up with a 1,300 sq. ft second floor, which included a large new bedroom and bathroom for Colman and a 1,000 sq.ft, beautiful bright studio with lots of windows, french doors and sky lights. What made it especially helpful was that the second floor was constructed about twelve inches above the first floor ceilings so that, although we had to make lots of allowances for our great contractor Mark Farnsworth, we never had to move out of our house during the five months it took to build the studio. The fact that I treated the builders to coffee and donuts each morning helped their morale as well!

I also took an intensive two-week course in French, with a school called Eurocentre in La Rochelle, France and loved every minute of it! Colman continued to be happy with his new job at “Scrubbies” , a car wash place where he worked a few hours each day, in uniform no less. He was proud of his monthly pay checks which he deposited personally into his own bank account two blocks from our house. Carolyn and Bruce continued living in Redding with their two children Nicholas and Emily. Both Carolyn and Bruce continued working as teachers in Redding schools. Susan loved her work as Associated Counsel at the Alza Corporation which makes, among other products, medical nicotine patches. In Seattle, Bob and Karen were kept busy with Miranda, Melanie and Zak, plus a dog Zoe and a number of cats. Bob, in addition to his annuity business, was playing around with a new business which he called “Roll ‘n Latte”, a portable van which dispenses several types of espresso coffee, while Karen, managing his office, provided stability to his income.

In 1992 Peig and I enjoyed our new two-story home and I spent another two weeks studying French with Eurocentre in France. Colman learned to use the city bus all by himself, Carolyn and Bruce

enjoyed their son Nicholas's soccer playing; Susan bought herself a new Camry when she found out that the old one needed a new tire. (Can you think of a better reason?) John and Debbie had a swimming pool in their new Folsom home, and Bob and Karen moved to a new house in Seattle. Zachary, when attending day school at the Jewish Temple, when asked about his religion answered, "Jewish," but was not quite so sure of himself. Since the family joined the Unitarian Church a month earlier, no wonder he became slightly confused. (it's not his fault; his grandfather went through the same experience 30 years earlier!).

In 1993, I took my third course in French under Eurocentre in Lausanne Switzerland where I also spent a few days with my friend Hugo von Wyl. I also visited Illiers-Combray, the birthplace of Marcel Proust, and photographed the two Sunday morning walks of which he wrote in such detail in his book "Remembrances of Things Past". When I made a small photo album out of these walks and pasted Proust's words under each photograph, my French teacher was thrilled. I made a detour to beautiful Lodeve in Southern France to visit Michael and Joan Grupp; he is a man who dedicated his life to promote Solar Cookers. Peig and I had a chance to visit Jasper National Park which, in my opinion, is the most beautiful park in North America. In June we had a Fairbrook family reunion in Napa, and 30 relatives came from all over the U.S.A. for fun, laughter and good food. My mother Lotte, at 95, finished her ten-volume autobiography (about 800 typewritten pages) and she stopped when she reached 1938! She had recently moved to O'Connor Woods, a truly beautiful retirement community where she had a one-bedroom apartment and was loved by many of the residents. My brother George and his wife Ilse moved to Stockton and he taught me a great deal about using the computer. My sister Erika, recently widowed, lived in a retirement community in Austin, Texas and my widowed sister-in-law Carrie, newly retired, lived near Washington D.C. with her friend Joseph Levine .

In the fall, I went to Australia and did one-day workshops at twelve different universities. Peig joined me at the end and together we vacationed for two weeks in Australia and New Zealand. In 1994 Peig and I went to England to visit Yasmin, as well as a distant cousin Fred and Barbara Dorn. We also met up with our good friends from Australia Bob and Penny Davis and had a great time, full of laughs, touring Ireland and France. One highlight of this trip was when I had bought a lovely chocolate cream cake but sat on it accidentally. Luckily, it was still in the box and we enjoyed it even more at our picnic lunch! Peig had decided to integrate retarded pre-school children with normal children in the Head Start program. She discovered, to her disappointment, that you cannot mix 12 retarded children with two classes of 20 normal children-the ratio is simply too high and the expectation - from Head Start teachers- unrealistic. Peig then developed an alternate scheme (12 retarded children with four classes of about 40 children. This worked much better and Peig is still convinced that mainstreaming her children was- and is- an excellent idea. Peig is also busy in her new studio and won Second Prize in a Ceramic Competition with three busts of hooded women which she called "The Anonymous Women of Bosnia". She also taught two five-week

classess in Beginning Pottery to youngsters aged fro 9-12 (8 students maximum; 90 minutes per week) with considerable success.

1995 was a milestone in our lives since Peig retired from teaching and loves to do pottery in her studio; she has won two prizes, is teaching youg adults and has extended offee hours with her many women friends. Colman was a happy young man, enjoyed his daily activities with his peers (they took buses, helped stuff envelopes in United Way ,etc.) and he even answered the phone (don't ask me how he did it). He loved coming home on weekends but was also very happy in the group home with Ron and Ida Haynes. I worked as a docent at our local museum and continued my work with St Mary's Dining Room. Peig and I also hosted our "foster daughter" from Bulgaria, Dafi Stoilova who went on to earn her MBA degree in the United States and is now happily married Iin Germany with a little daughter. All our children were doing well in their profession and lives, and John and Debbie presented us with another grandson, Justin in the spring.

1996-97: A fourth grandson, Jerad, arrived in John and Debbie's house in April 1997; Peig worked for U.O.P. in their Lifelong Learning Department. I temporarily gave up my consulting by managing, at the request of President Horton, Delta College's Food Services. I worked harder that year than any of the years that I worked as a university food service director, which I will explain in greater detail in the next chapter. I did manage to reduce the college's losses in their food service from about \$75,000/year down to \$17,000 and that, in everyone's opinion, was a pretty good achievement. We all had a family reunion in the summer of 1997 near Redding, where Carolyn and Bruce lived.

1998: The following is my 1998 Christmas greeting to our family and friends:

Christmas is over

I'm reading your card

I planned to answer you in time

But always find it hard.

There are lights to put up and lights to take down and trees to discard
and visits to town.

And parties to go to and gifts to unwrap

Colman is happy

when the TV is his

and isn't concerned

With the meaning of "is"!

The rest of the family

are all doing fine

by next May the grandchildren Will add up to nine!

With a brand new computer which George help me run
in truth- no excuses I'm simply a "sap"!
To tell you the truth
I have little to tell
we all are quite healthy and doing quite well.
We're almost retired and sleeping oft late Peig dabbles in quilting and I pontificate.
1999: The 1999 Fairbrook Almanac:
True to family tradition
This missile comes to you quite late but works of serious erudition
Are praised regardless of the date.
I'll write you by e-mail For Internet fun.
We two hope to travel
to Europe this year but if you want to visit We'll try to be here.
So please let this poem
be our New Year's day greeting and plan for next year
On a face-to-face meeting!
If this tale is much too long
or if you're in a hurry
to skip some parts is never wrong. So please don't fret or worry.

In May. I flew to England to help Raymond and Yasmin move to a new home and also flew to Ireland to visit the "clan". Debbie gave birth to our ninth grandchild, Janae and Paul and Peig went to London and Ireland with our friends the Sharp's while I visited my cousin Monica and Michel Oleffe in Brussels. After that, Erika, George, I and my niece Margie went to Berlin for a week as guests of the Berlin Senate (as a gesture of reconciliation, most large cities in post-war Germany invited all of its former Jewish residents to re-visit their home town as honored guests) . In August Peig and I took a bicycle trip in Germany, in the Altmühl Valley, with the Zimmermann's and the Schroeders. It was a blast! The longest day's ride was 30 km., interrupted by sausages and beer. Peig prolonged her visit to help Yasmin in her husband's recovery from an illness. The year ended with Peig having an angiogram, followed by a stent inserted in a kidney artery. The operation was successful and by New Year she was as well as ever.

The year 2000 was relatively quiet and peaceful for Peig, Colman and me as well as our four grown children and their families the three of us spent 10 days in Ireland attending niece Roisin's wedding. Peig created a 36" x72' artistic wall hanging with a Buddhist theme and donated it to a prestigious art exhibition entitled "The Missing Peace International Multi-Media Contemporary Art

Exhibition” to which 80 well-known artists contributed their work as a donation to the Dalai Lama Peace Foundation. The exhibition was shown in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Great Britain and Tokyo and Peig and I visited several of these in the U.S.A.

I worked as a part-time substitute ESL teacher in Stockton’s Adult School and enjoyed it tremendously. I also audited some courses at U.O.P. (e.g. Medieval French, A History of Food and A History of Modern Europe) and really enjoyed going back to school. Colman was happy participating in a work group (clean-up, gardening) and proudly deposited his pay check at a nearby bank-but only to his favorite teller! Our other four children were doing well in their respective careers and in their parenting of our nine grandchildren.

CHAPTER 26. CONSULTING, WORKSHOPS, AND TEACHING (2000-2012)

The first ten years of the 21st century saw a decrease in the amount of consulting work and an increase in my teaching ESL, auditing course at U.O.P. and other local activities. I continued doing the workshops described earlier, gave speeches about food service, and doing a number of 2-3 day studies of the food services at various universities. One of my regular clients was Kenneth Toong, a long-time friend, who was busy turning the University of Massachusetts/Amherst into a first class, profitable operation. I did a series of Catering workshops for the Association of College Auxiliary Services (ACAP) which were so well received that I decided to write a book on the subject. (See Chapter 27).

I also did a number of pro bono jobs, in that I designed new kitchens for three Catholic churches in Stockton. My last effort in kitchen design occurred by accident. In 2010 Peig and I had visited our friend Maia Parmakova who was the Director of Student Advising at the American University of Bulgaria (AUBG). Peig and I had visited AUBG sixteen years earlier in 1994, when I spent a couple of weeks updating their dining operations which, up to that time, had been run by a Russian-trained lady who was not familiar with the requirements of a modern, American university. The students, and especially the American faculty, had rebelled at some of the existing policies (e.g. one had to order the choice of the luncheon entree the day before) and Peig and I made some significant recommendations which were summarized in a 30-page report. When in 2010 the new president of AUBG Dr. David Huweiler heard of my coming, he asked me to advise him in the planning of the food services in the soon-to-be-built new student Center. I then noticed that the original plan was unimaginative, and showed old-fashioned cafeteria lines instead of the food courts that were then being built in the United States. Fortunately, both Dr. Huweiler and the University architect Dimtcho Tilev were extremely flexible and cooperative. When Bob and I visited the opening of the Student Center in 2013, we saw an ultra-modern, beautiful and efficient food court- just as I had recommended. For a description of this facility, see the article in Appendix "R".

Soon after I arrived in Stockton in 1965, I started teaching an evening class at Stockton's San Joaquin Delta College. I usually taught a course is "Management and Supervision", but sometimes also in "Public Relations and Merchandising" and "Sales Techniques". Although teaching a class from 7-10 p.m. after working all day long is certainly tiring, I enjoyed teaching at Delta college, not only for the extra money but also because I found the students so committed and interested in learning, that their enthusiasm was infectious. However by 2003, when my consulting work had declined, I decided to try my hand as a substitute teacher. After passing my CBEST test, I volunteered at Stagg High School, even though both Peig and Carolyn advised me against it. Well, they proved to be right. I tried it three times- in every case a 9th grade class. The students were so rude, so insulting and undisciplined that even I (who

prides himself on his firmness) decided to give it up. The straw that broke the camel's back was in my third effort, when I was supposed to teach about Australia. I had carefully prepared because I had been to Australia three times and I thought the students would be interested in what I had to tell them. However when we started to read from the chapter and I interrupted the reader a couple of times to add my own memories, the student said, "Teacher, if you wouldn't interrupt us so often, we would finish this reading much faster". After that, I knew that substituting in a high school was not for me.

Fortunately, someone suggested that I try teaching English as a Second Language (ESL) in Stockton's Adult School. That was the perfect place for me. Even though most of the students were Hispanic (many had lived in Stockton for years and knew a little English), my lack of Spanish proved to be no obstacle to my teaching. I was able to create a relaxed atmosphere in the class, with lots of laughs and easy banter, and both students and I enjoyed each other. The principal, Carol Hirota and the rest of the teachers were all friendly and supportive and I enjoyed the experience tremendously. The same was true when, sometime later, I transferred to Harrison School and taught ESL from 3-5p.m. to mothers while their children were participating in the afternoon program. We played Bingo (to teach them numbers), celebrated baby showers when mothers were nine months pregnant (which occurred often in this class), I brought the food (against the rules), and everyone in the class, however poor, brought a small gift for the expectant mother!

CHAPTER 27. MY LAST BOOK: "Catering On Campus"

Ever since I got my first job as a college food service director catering has been of special interest to me. I realized early on that many faculty members and administrators don't get a chance to judge their dining services except when participating in banquets or receptions. That is why my first catering function as a consultant in the Bardwell Hotel in 1962 was an extraordinary fancy buffet; that is also why the first banquet for the Board of Regents at U.O.P shortly after my arrival in 1965 featured an ice carving, a ham decorated with the University seal and student waiters wearing tuxedo jackets and white gloves. Of the many workshops that I conducted for several professional associations, the most popular were always the catering workshops. Beyond that, and even beyond my own experiences and experiments in trying to improve catering functions on campus, I also noted with some discomfort the many transgressions and needless errors made when I attended catering functions in other schools and even in some fancy hotels. Over the years I had published and lectured about "Paul's Pet Peeves" in catering (such as allowing the entrees to be served lukewarm instead of piping hot, or serving the coffee long after the clients have finished their dessert) .As my career was winding down, however, I decided to write a book—not about catering in general—but about catering on college and university campuses in particular. Campus catering brings with it a special set of conditions and challenges that are different from commercial enterprises For example:

- o 1. Price considerations must often take into account the President's budget or the faculty's concern about prices and the wise director will sometimes subsidize a meal to maintain a positive public relations image.
- o 2. Student waiters or waitresses with their smiles and youthful enthusiasm are often preferred to experience but older professional servers.
- o 3. At served lunches, it is more important to meet the client's time restrictions (e.g. from noon to 1 p.m.) and violate normal serving procedures by placing the dessert on the tables even prior to the start of the meal.

My biggest concern about campus catering in general is that I have discovered, to my great disappointment, that most of my colleagues do not care, or simply do not know how, a hot entrée in a large-sized banquet can be served piping hot! More often than not the entrée is served on a cold plate, the gravy is not piping hot, and the dinner plates are carried into the dining room without a cover, thus air conditioning the entree on the way to the client. If they ever have been served dinner in a first class hotel, they should have observed that all the plates had a plate cover which was removed when the tray was placed on the tray stand next to the guest tables. My solution to this problem was simple: All the plates are pre-warmed in electric plate warmers, the dinners are plated in one or more serving lines (for every

100 dinners one should set up another line), the sauce or gravy must be boiling hot when ladled over the entrée, and the plates must have plate covers when taken out into the dining room. When you read Appendix “T”, you will note that of the ten tips I listed in the article, all but one of them deals with the problem of serving hot food hot!

In my new book, I did some research on other university catering policies, and gave the reader specific examples on such vexing problems as allowing tips for the servers, feeding the servers before or after the banquet, recruiting and training banquet staff and effective marketing of one’s catering department. In the one important area where I was not competent, i.e. in setting up catering websites and using the latest catering software, I asked colleagues and software providers to contribute to the text. The book turned out to be almost as popular as I had hoped: I had printed 1,000 copies and now have about 30 copies left, for which we are still receiving occasional orders, ten years after publication.

CHAPTER 28. THE FAMILY (2000 -2012)

I find, as I am writing this chapter shortly after my 94th birthday, that my memory is steadily failing me and I have to depend on my annual Christmas letters as well as my list of overseas travels to tell you how Peig and I (and Colman, until 2006) spent the first decade of the Twenty-first Century. I am amazed how much Peig and I travelled to foreign countries. As an honorary member of the Canadian College and University Food Service Association, I was always invited to their annual conferences. Since these always varied between Eastern, Western and Central Canada, we got to visit and see much of Canada. Susan accompanied us on several of these trips. An outstanding one was to St Johns in Newfoundland where all the natives spoke what Peig described as a “genuine Irish accent”. While there, we made a side flight to St. Pierre and Miquelon, two little islands of the coast of Canada which even today are still part of France. It was a disappointment, since these islands have not developed a tourist trade and their natives do their shopping either in France or in Newfoundland. For a detailed list of our overseas trips, see Appendix “S”.

My newsletters of 2002, 2006 and 2012 describe our families’ lives in a way which I want to summarize as follows:

Colman:

2002: “Colman has had a great year thanks in large part to all the loving people in his life. It is hard not to smile with him in the morning when he greets himself by looking in the mirror and saying “Hi me!” He has a day program of activities which gives him multiple choices and he feels, “in control of his day.”

2006: “Colman continues to be a happy young man, often participating in some work crews (gardening, leaf blowing and clean-up) where he actually earns some wages which he proudly deposits himself at a nearby bank where he chooses his tellers carefully and where they all compete for his attention”. Sadly, this is the last newsletter entry I have for Colman since, as many readers already know, we lost Colman on December 16th when he went on a day trip with his group and accidentally choked on some sweets. He then went into a coma for several days until he passed away peacefully, clutching his mother’s hand.

Peig:

2003: “Peig loves her studio and keeps objecting to the idea of war and works for peace both at home and abroad. She enjoys developing new artistic wall hangings from fabrics”

2006 “She is continuing with her exciting fabric wall hangings and her reputation is growing; it will be confirmed at the opening of “The Missing Peace International Multi-media Contemporary Art Exhibition” opening at the Fowler Museum in L.A., for which she is a contributor of a large work of art

embodying Buddhist themes. This exhibition was shown in museums in several large cities in the U.S, as well as in a number of European and Asian countries. Peig's work was a lovely wall hanging, a 9'x9' triptych with Dalai Lama and other Buddhist themes and was appraised at the time at \$10,000. Her work (as well as the work of about 85 other famous artists) was donated to the Dalai Lama Peace Foundation.

Peig's work was getting to be known in our area and she has some of her wall hangings in our Public Library, in a local fire house, three pieces in the Lodi Memorial Hospital and four in the UC Davis Medical Center. You can see some of her works on her web site: peig.net. Peig also visited Bangladesh with her sister-in-law Yasmin Kennedy and also flew to New Zealand to visit our close friends Malcolm and Lurline McLean. She is now getting her bi-monthly Prokrite shots from UC Davis to keep her hemoglobin number above eleven; when it gets below that number, Peig tires very easily.

Paul:

2002-2006: Peig, Susan and I took a trip to London and Prague, and then Peig and I visited my cousin Monica and her husband Michel Oleffe in Brussels. After that I spent another wonderful two week intensive French language course with Eurocentre in Lausanne, which ended with a festive fondue party during which the entire group presented me with a lovely copy of *The Little Prince* and expressed their appreciation that an old man like me would want to participate so enthusiastically in a course attended mostly by much younger students.

In those years, I began to cut down on teaching ESL courses but instead started to audit some classes at U.O.P. Up to then, I had already taken some classes with a fantastic teacher, Peggy Rocha, at Delta College. Now, however, I took courses at U.O.P. such as "18th Century French Literature", during which we were asked to add a 6th Act to Molière's 5-Act play "*Le Misanthrope*" and I wrote the whole new act as Molière did (in English, however), i.e. in rhyme and in iambic pentameter! I also took courses in an "A Global History of Food", and "Modern European History". The last course I audited was "A History of Warfare" with a terrific teacher Carolyn Cox. I absolutely adored her, her teaching methods, and her personality. I was therefore truly crushed when she died of cancer a few years ago.

2007: I visited England and Germany, and then my friend Dieter Zimmermann and I attended a French food service conference (C.R.O.U.S.) in Grenoble; after that, he drove me to Italy where we spent a week in a gorgeous Tuscany vineyard guest house and visited many little villages as well as, of course, Florence.

2008: I attended another C.R.O.U.S. conference in Strasbourg and paid another visit to my cousin Monica in Brussels. Then I flew to Australia, where I spent three weeks giving one-day training sessions to twelve different universities all along the East coast. Peig joined me for a two-week vacation in Sydney and then to our friends Malcolm and Lurline McLean in Auckland, New Zealand.

Two important events happened in 2008: Our granddaughter Allison was promoted to Regional Training Manager of “Jamba Juice” and married Joe Battistelli. Our son Bob married Debbie Wise, whom he had met a few years earlier at a Financial Consultants conference. The rest of us flew to their wedding in Chicago a couple of days before the wedding, and we all watched Bob perform in a professional theatre performance of Molière’s “The Miser” which, next to his joy in marrying Debbie, was undoubtedly one of the highlights of his life! All the Fairbrooks who attended were immensely grateful for the genuine friendship and warm hospitality with which we were greeted by the Wise family.

2010: In addition to our earlier-mentioned trip to Bulgaria, Peig and I also flew to Toulouse to my third CROUS conference where we slept in a dormitory room without air conditioning while outside our windows the students were smoking Pot. A more pleasant experience was our adopting a Pomeranian/Sheltie little dog names “Fitz”. We drove 350 miles to get him and he filled our lives with lots of love and licking until we lost him to cancer in 2016. In 2010, I also experienced an unfortunate incident in which my right retina was injured and I thus I lost the sight of my right eye. However, I have since had a successful cataract operation on m left eye which enables me to read normally.

A less exciting but interesting experience was that, after inquiring from my children, nephews and nieces whether they might be interested for themselves, I re- instated my German citizenship which the Nazis had taken away from us. This meant that any of my parents’ children and grandchildren were eligible to obtain dual German citizenship also- and to date both our son Bob and granddaughter Emily have done so and Noah Eden was considering it.

Let me summarize what our remaining four children and their children did during the decade ending in 2012:

Carolyn and Bruce were both master teachers in Redding and both really enjoyed their job. Bruce was union president for a while and negotiated a great raise for his teachers Their daughter Emily was working in a convalescent home and taking courses at Shasta College. Their son Nick was earning his Master’s Degree in sociology after developing a great afternoon program for disadvantaged children which involved getting the afternoon staff working the entire day so that they would become more familiar with both teachers and students. This idea got him several large grants and his school became a Model Community School and he and his wife Pam were expecting their first child in 2013.

Susan, semi-retired, continued to work part time in her specialty (contracts between pharmaceutical firms) and loved being on the board of ”Theatre Works”, a regional professional theatre company. They loved her for her knowledge of all things theatrical and her legal skills.

John and Debbie live in Sacramento and John became a senior partner in his law firm “Trainor/ Fairbrook”. He is a litigator and I watched him proudly when he won a couple of court cases in Stockton.

Debbie worked as a pre-school teacher at St. Michael's School; both parents were very involved in their children's sports (in 2012 the children's ages were: Justin 17, Jared 15 and Janae 13).

Bob and his wife Debbie Wise worked together in Debbie's financial planning firm "Wise Planning" and divided their time between Seattle and Winnetka; Bob also works for Ernst and Young as a workshop presenter, giving one-day lectures to the staffs of major companies who need to inform their employees about changes in pension and retirement plans. Because he not only knows his subject but is also a natural actor, he creates a very relaxed atmosphere during his workshops and there is a lot of laughter. He has become one of the firm's most popular lecturers.

It is during these years that our eight great grandchildren were born and therefore, for the record, these are their birthdates:

Allison and Joe: Two girls: Isabel (8/9/2010) and Riley (9/10/2014) Miranda and Evan: Theo (8/30/2012) and Eliza (3/29/2014)

Nicholas and Pam: Amos (12/19/2013) and Cora (3/19//2015) Melanie and David: Malcolm (10/3/2014) and Merrick (11/28/2016.

CHAPTER 29. RETIREMENT (2007-2017)

By 2012 both Peig and I began our retirement in earnest. While Peig continued to work on a variety of projects in her studio, and I had my hands full with some other time-consuming projects, none were intended to add to our income, but all seemed to involve our hobbies, our children and their families and of the circle of friends we had made over the year, not only in Stockton but also in other parts of California. Even our overseas travels were severely limited:

□ 2013: I flew with son Bob to Bulgaria to inspect the new food court that I had helped design three years earlier; Peig and I also flew to England to visit Yasmin.

□ 2014: Peig flew to New Zealand to visit Lurline and Malcolm McLean. My grandson Nick and I visited friend Dieter in Germany to help celebrate his 80th birthday.

The following is a brief description on how Peig and I are spending our retirement years:

Peig

Peig has had to face an additional challenge since the spring of last year: I fell and broke my right hip on Christmas day 2015, and spent three months in a convalescent home. I was of course delighted to come home last April, and my life at home is much more enjoyable than the confining atmosphere of a hospital. On the other hand, Peig's life has become more difficult than ever before. Fortunately, Jeanette Rojas, our wonderful cleaning lady from Chile who has been with us for over 15 years now, comes twice a week and even helps me with my shower. Nevertheless, having to take care of someone for whom getting up and getting around with a walker is always a chore is no small task. When I think of what Peig had to put up with during the first difficult years of our marriage when the children often made her life difficult, and at the same time dealing with Colman and all the special efforts he required, then losing him so unexpectedly and now having to take care of me, I realize what challenges she had to overcome since we met forty-eight years ago. Even though most of our life together has been enjoyable and much of it exciting, I am more aware than ever how lucky I was to meet and marry someone of Peig's positive outlook on life, her sense of responsibility and duty to her family. It is no accident that all my four children have come to love and appreciate her the way I have always felt, and the way I do now more than ever.

Ever since coming to Stockton, Peig managed to develop close friendships with a number of women with whom she shared many common interests. Now that she has had more time, these friendships were strengthened by a number of daily, weekly and monthly activities. Throughout these years, Peig has been active in a variety of civic associations: In 2006, she received the Susan B. Anthony Award for Creative Arts; she was part of the Peace and Justice Network, the Public Advisory Board for the City's Art Commission, is currently on the Board of the Stockton Art League Gallery and also a

member of the League of Women Voters. Three times weekly a group of 4-6 women take morning walks (some with their dogs as well) from 8-9 a.m. Twice weekly Peig attended Yoga specifically taught to somewhat older women ("chair yoga" someone called it). On Fridays from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. some of these friends met in various homes (often in Peig's studio) to do a variety of art projects. These changed from basket weaving, to gourd decorations, to Origami to their current passion of stained glass mosaics. In addition, twice monthly there is a knitting evening and once a month another group which calls themselves W.I.N. (Women Investing Now). About two years ago Peig decided to recruit four couples to get together for a pot luck dinner once a month called "Craigh Pots" ("crack pots" in English); they then decided to limit the members to five couples, since most could not easily handle a larger number around the dining room table. It was agreed that the hostess would provide the main course, would announce the entree, and the other four couples would bring whatever they wished. The result has been amazingly successful- even though sometime the group faced three salads, or multiple desserts or whatever. I personally appreciated Peig's many friendships since; as a result, I too got to know her friends and their spouses better and was always included in the group even though I was much older than the rest. Throughout these years Peig has welcomed many family members and friends as overnight guests, celebrated births and weddings and many visitors at our table.

Ever since Peig discovered a number of years ago that she was suffering from Celiac disease she has followed a strict gluten-free diet and her earlier digestion problems have been minimized. With the help of a much respected cardiologist, Dr. Reginald Low, (Peig receiving a new heart valve and two stents) and an equally able hematologist/oncologist Dr. Paul Kaesberg, (who prescribed a monthly Procrit injection to keep her hemoglobin above the magic number of eleven), Peig has been able to continue her life in relatively good health.

First, while I was convalescing, she completely renovated our main bathroom by installing a walk-in shower as well as a new self-flushing toilet, new cabinets, etc. We had earlier replaced our driveway and added a lovely new ramp leading to the front porch the contractor, Jorge Arias, turned out to be highly knowledgeable and kind to Peig. Together they worked very hard to have the whole bathroom renovation ready by the time I came home in April. Our son Bob also provided crucial assistance and flew to Stockton just to take some of the pressure off Peig at a crucial time in the renovation. Since my return home last spring, the demand on Peig's time have naturally increased manifold. Since I gave up driving two years ago, she has been a loyal and mostly very patient chauffeur for my various meetings and, shopping needs; she helps me with showers and usually also with getting dressed. She now is cooking for the two of us and often prepares one dish for me and another, gluten free, for herself.

. When Peig turned seventy-five in 2014 she decided to take up golf. The husband of Peig's friend Lola Blankenship is an avid and excellent golfer, and he gave some lessons to Lola and Peig. While neither is particularly good at it yet, they are better than they thought and, most important, they get good exercise and lots of laughs. Peig has also joined a group of women and now often goes on Wednesday evenings to play nine holes of golf. It may be a newly-found interest, but she clearly enjoys it a lot.

Paul

When I fell and broke my hip on Christmas day, December 2015, I was fortunate to be operated on by a marvelous surgeon, Dr. Roland Nakata, who not only replaced my hip the next morning, but also inserted a "bridge" after my hip had slipped out of its socket three times while I was in the convalescent hospital. Part of those slippages were my fault- but he was so kind and understanding that it made me appreciate a physician who is not only highly skilled, but has a sympathetic bedside manner that surely helps the patient's morale and convalescence. In January I was notified that the Pacific Alumni Association had nominated me to be an "Honorary Alumnus of 2016", together with three other families who had contributed much to the welfare of the University. I was asked to attend a dinner with President Eibeck on Friday night January 30 and a formal gala dinner with about 500 guests on Saturday January 31. I was not yet able to go without a wheelchair, and both Peig and my son Bob strongly advised me not to go. However, since I insisted, Dr. Nakata said, "Why don't you skip Friday and they can get you there on Saturday in a wheelchair"! Well that was the solution- the University built a special ramp so that I could get on the podium and make a brief talk and, while I was too excited to eat my Filet Mignon, I had a great time. Each of us were treated to a 5-minute film outlining our various contributions to the University, made by a U.O.P. Alumnus who was a professional filmmaker, and whom I had fed when he was a student at U.O.P. This experience was great for my morale and quick recovery; so were lovely letters I received from two alumni which you can find in Appendix "U".

While I have had a problem with my balance for a number of years, I have been extra careful in preventing my fall since I broke my hip. I now depend on a two-wheel walker inside the house and a four-wheel walker whenever I leave the house. I have had physical and occupational therapists give me all kinds of instructions and exercises I should take daily, but usually am too lazy to follow them. As a matter of fact, I spend many working hours in my two favorite chairs: One is a lovely recliner which my nephew Colm has raised to 24 Inches off the floor (as per the therapist's instructions); it is now located in our living room, where Peig had removed all the carpets and installed a new TV just prior to my return. It is there where we now watch Rachel Maddow, other MSNBC stations, baseball golf and PBS. We also subscribe to Netflix and I watch all kinds of old and new movies in the evenings, while Peig knits, plays Solitaire and Sudoku and reads Facebook. My other chair is a nice armchair in my office, on wheels and

with a high pillow for extra comfort. That is where I spend almost half of my waking time, with activities so busy that I barely can find time to write this autobiography.

There are a number of activities which take up most of my time in retirement and which help keep my mind occupied. The most important of these is my work for the Weber Point Coffee Club. This is a group of retired businessmen, teachers, faculty members and other professionals which meet on the campus of UO.P. Every morning for coffee and conversation. I have belonged to that group for about twenty years, and enjoyed my morning walk to U.O.P. and the coffee hour which got me out of bed every morning. In 2010, I suggested that the \$2.00 fee for coffee would probably also allows the club to add free donuts on Friday mornings. That suggestion was enthusiastically received, and the average number of participants increased from 8-12 on Mondays through Thursdays, to 20-25 on Fridays. Then we started to use Friday mornings for members to give us a verbal autobiographical sketch. We did that for a while, and then we came up with the idea that perhaps we could invite outsiders from the Community to come and tell us about themselves and their work. Thus, I became unofficially the “program chair” of the group and I started to recruit all kinds of interesting speakers from the City, County, and the University, from non-profit groups, developers, religious leaders, scientists, and others. My technique was to contact someone whose work sounded interesting in the local newspaper, contacted and complimented him or her on the nice article in the paper, and then asked them to come on a suitable Friday morning from 9-10 a.m. to tell us about their life and their work. As an honorarium, I always promised them a cup of coffee and a fresh donut and they usually answered: “This offer is hard to turn down”. Well, you might find this hard to believe but slowly but surely I got better at seeking out and inviting speaker (our members also made recommendations that I always pursued), that since January 2013 I have had less than a dozen times when I did not have a speaker on a Friday morning! In addition to having speakers come to us, I also arranged field trips to the places where some of our speakers worked: One, for example, was an amazing factory operated almost exclusively by robots which produced super- fine medical devices such as stents and catheters. Last month the Sharpe Army Depot provided a bus to take us to a Discovery Challenge Academy run by the National Guard to take in several hundred young men and women who, under strict discipline, get to finish high school and escape the difficult circumstances from which they had been recruited. We also made field trips to a new low-income housing development, a downtown renovation project and our local soup kitchen St. Mary’s Dining Room. Our speakers have been university presidents, mayors, city managers, state senators and assembly members and, of course, our local congressman. I must admit that to accomplish this on a weekly basis is almost a full-time job- but I enjoy getting so many compliments from our members as well as speakers, and have had the pleasure of meeting many interesting citizens of our State, County and City. A list of the speakers in 2017 can be found in Appendix “V”.

In addition to my work as Program Chair of the Coffee Club, I belong to several other groups which have weekly meetings and which I enjoy attending. The most important one is my French Club, a group of about 10 persons, mostly retired, which meets once a week in a restaurant (and occasionally in one's home). Two of its members are native-born French, while the rest of us converse in our broken French and use the others as a dictionary. Often, when the conversation gets too interesting and we all want to complain about Trump at the same time, one of us says: "Pardon me, but this is too important so I have to say it in English" and so it goes. Several of us have belonged to this group for many years- but as new members come and others fall by the wayside, this has remained a thoroughly enjoyable and stimulating activity for me. I also belong to a German club (Stammtisch), which meets only for lunch once a month and whose members are either German-born or German-speaking. I enjoy talking in my native language and, since most members are university-connected, we always have interesting things to talk about. A third group, called "The Geezers" was started by a friend of mine, Michael Lamm, which consists of about a half dozen professionals (three of whom are retired physicians) who meet every 4-6 weeks for lunch. I recently joined the group and was pleased to see several men whom I have known for many years but with whom I had lost touch. Finally, I joined a play-reading group several months ago which meets every two months. We all choose an interesting play (e.g. Noel Coward's "Present Laughter"), meet in someone's home for a pot-luck dessert and really enjoy the evenings.

As I tell you about my present life, I must not forget my brother George, who has dinner with us at least once a week, and with whom I watch interesting group discussions in German; we are both amazed of how much German we still understand, until they talk so fast and swallow their words that even the two of us cannot understand what they are talking about. George and I also attend most of the plays of Stockton's Civic Theater, which, for an amateur group is surprisingly excellent and some of its musicals are actually first class!

Finally, I must confess that I have become a "news hound" and enjoy the various pundits that are mostly on MSNBC, our liberal TV network, as well as PBS presentations and movies that we rent from Netflix and Amazon. I enjoy reading the latest news when I go to bed on the lovely I-Pad which my children gave me when I broke my hip, and am presently also reading Lyndon Johnson – Master of the Senate by Robert Caro, which is not only a fantastic biography about President Johnson, but also describes in fascinating detail the various developments in the U.S. Senate from the early 19th Century to today.

CHAPTER 30. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES (Father, Mother, Colman)

MY FATHER

I have always loved my father. I remember him as a gentle and kind man, with unlimited patience -both with us and with his often-domineering wife, my mother. My memories of him are fleeting- in short flashes rather than in clear, continuing visions. I remember him driving us over the Alps when we left for Italy and then to Palestine; I remember him standing in his white linen suit and tropical hat, managing the small machine shop that he had purchased in Ramat Ghan (now a suburb of Tel Aviv but then separated by miles of desert).

Now, however, after having read and re-read my mother's ten-volume autobiography, and after realizing what gut-wrenching decisions he had to make after Hitler's ascension to power, I am beginning not just to love him, but to admire him for the courage and determination that enabled him to save his family - first from Nazism and then from the many battles that took place in Palestine after our departure from that country.

Imagine what it took to decide to leave behind a considerable amount of wealth, a booming career as an investment banker, a wide circle of family and friends, and to exchange it for an uncertain future in a strange, tropical land, with a foreign language, very little money and no clear idea of how to support a family of six! To make such a decision based only on short- lived program in Germany in 1933, and newly established laws that prevented his two boys from attending a certain school certainly took visions and courage which most other German Jews did not develop until several years later- many not until after the major "Crystal Night" pogrom in the fall of 1937.

His decision to invest in a machine shop which produced "earth scrapers" (forerunners to the huge earth-moving equipment built by the Le Tourneau company today) was made on idealistic grounds- he was certain that anything that had to do with construction would help Palestine develop into a modern (hopefully Jewish) state.

When later he discovered that his two Israeli partners had swindled him (he used to say:, "When we met, I had the money and they had the experience; three years later they had the money and I had the experience!"), and when my mother and two brothers had all developed typhoid fever, he came to the conclusion that his decision to immigrate to Palestine had been a mistake. Palestine, in the thirties- was a country that needed pioneers, not middle- aged German bankers. He therefore decided to leave and to find someplace else to live.

This, too, must have been a gut-wrenching decision for him -after having been allowed to take only 1/20th of his fortune from Germany, and now having lost that little bit in a mistaken venture in Palestine! Fortunately for us, a valuable painting that he had sent to England for safe-keeping was now

sold, giving him just enough money to leave Palestine and to make his roots elsewhere. To do this, in spite of the fact that my grandmother had just joined us in Tel-Aviv, also required considerable convincing of my mother, who was reluctant to leave her mother behind.

Then came the job of getting an immigration visa for the six of us in a country which would have us. America was the obvious choice, but few U.S. consuls, in 1937, were eager to give visas to German Jews- especially if they had little money. Dad found one such consul in Amsterdam- so he "parked" his family in Slovenia for six months (they speak German there, and living on a farm was inexpensive) while he worked at obtaining a visa. When the U.S. Immigration official questioned his ability to support his family as a stamp dealer, Dad took out a mint first day cover of the "Graf Zeppelin" stamp (the dirigible which burned in Lakeside N.J. in 1938) and told him that this envelope was worth \$800. When the official did not believe him, Dad showed him the Scott Catalog listing which showed a retail value of \$1,200! The official then agreed to issue us visas for the U.S.A.

We were held up in Ellis Island for a day, but then Dad opened a small stamp store on 96th street between Amsterdam Avenue and Broadway. Our apartment was in the back. Shortly thereafter, a thief walked off with one-half of Dad's entire stamp inventory- about \$3,000 worth. That was an enormous sum for us-but Dad picked himself up and decided to become a broker for other N.Y stamp dealers. He then went around the country visiting other stamp dealers while Mother took a job as a caregiver. After two years of this, however, he was able to specialize in United Nations stamps and started to make a living working out of his home and attending the weekly meetings of the stamp dealer's bourse in Manhattan.

Dad later wrote a book entitled "How to Become a Successful Stamp Dealer" which was illustrated by a German prisoner of war to whom I gave cigarettes in return for his drawings.

My father died of cancer in 1968, and left my mother a house in Flushing, N.Y. fully paid up, which my mother later sold for \$130,000 - enough to enable her to live out the rest of her life (she died at age 98) in comfort.

In retrospect, I consider my Dad to have been a wise, creative and resourceful man whom I admire more whenever I think of all his accomplishments.

MY MOTHER

My mother, born Lotte Cohn in 1896, was an amazing woman with so many facets of her personality that she will be difficult to describe. Her life was full of challenges which she met with courage and with the force of her amazing personality.

She was born, as the saying goes, “with a silver spoon in her mouth”. Her father was a wealthy lumber dealer and – until the Russian Revolution in 1917 – had owned forests in Russia. Even after their loss, he was a main supplier of lumber to the German Army during World War I. The Cohn family lived in Hannover and clearly belonged to the upper class of Jewish Society. As a young woman, during the war years, she worked in the Women’s’ Division of the War Agency and studied social work . When she met my Dad in 1919, he was just starting a promising career as a banker, and when they married in 1920 and had four children between 1921 and 1928, their future as a family with a comfortable lifestyle seemed assured.

All that changed suddenly in 1933, when Adolf Hitler became German Chancellor. When Dad found that my twin brother Hellmut and I were not allowed to attend a certain school because we were Jewish, Dad realized that we would have to leave Germany. He and Mother had long discussions and difficult decisions to make. Father sent my mother and us four children to Alsace in France, while he was making arrangements to leave Germany forever. My maternal grandmother, however, refused to leave and this meant that if Dad tried to sneak most of his wealth out of Germany, she could be held as a hostage. The two decided to immigrate to Palestine, and were allowed to take one twentieth of their assets with them.

Once in Palestine, Mother had to face a life very different from what she had been used to in Germany. She had to learn Hebrew, contacted typhus (together with two of her children), tried to find a job and manage with a greatly reduced income. Dad’s decision to leave Palestine in 1936 made Mother face a whole new set of challenges. While Dad went to Holland to obtain a visa to the U.S.A., he asked Mother and the children to wait in Slovenia, living on a little farm where life was inexpensive. Then, joining Dad in Holland, Mother bought train tickets through Germany, but was pulled off the train at the border and told by a Nazi official that we had 24 hours to get out of Germany or we would all be put in a Concentration Camp.

When we finally arrived in New York City in 1937, father’s shop as a stamp dealer did not earn enough to feed the family, and Mother had to go to work as a companion to an elderly woman – a job she hated. When World War II started, however, her intellect and education got her a job as a draftsman helping to build “Victory Ships” (freighters built by Henry Kaiser). / After the war, she got a job as a Housing Assistant with the City of New York, and worked for many years in large subsidized housing complexes built after the War to accommodate needy families. When Dad died in 1962, he had left her a house in Queens, New York, fully paid for. It even included a room or small apartment for rent. Mother, upon retirement, became involved with the United Nations and often invited members of the United Nations Association to her home. She also visited Germany several times during those years, being feted in Hannover as the granddaughter of the man who had helped found the Continental Rubber Company.

She also donated a portrait of herself that had been painted in 1920 by Kurt Schwitters, a now famous German painter, to the Schwitters Museum in Hannover.

Eventually, as Mother became older, she sold her home in Queens and for about ten years shared her life with my sister Erika in Texas and with Peig and me in California. During those years she wrote an extensive autobiography comprising 456 typewritten pages and including in great detail all aspects of her life from 1898 to 1937. She had saved all the letters from friends and from her family, and did extensive research into her family genealogy.

About five years prior to her death in 1998, Mother had moved to O'Connor Woods, a fine retirement community in Stockton where she soon became an honored resident, gave speeches, read from her memoirs and poems, joined a German Singing Club and developed a whole new set of friends. Even though some of the time living with Mother in the same house for six months at a time proved challenging for all three of us (Mother, Peig and me) I can honestly say that Mother was an unusual, loving, capable and highly intelligent person to whom not only I, but also all her grandchildren, will forever owe a debt of love and gratitude.

COLMAN

Colman and I met in September of 1969 at Oak Park. The occasion was the annual pot luck picnic of the U.O.P. faculty and their families. Colman, then four years old, was happily running and crawling around the grass, taking in everybody and noticing everything. He took no special notice of me but when I talked to him he clearly paid attention without saying anything. My first impression was that he was a cute little boy, and that his being retarded (the word developmentally disabled didn't come into general use until a decade or so later) did not affect me one way or the other.

I didn't see Colman much in the few months thereafter, until he moved in with our family in January, 1970 after Peig and I returned from our honeymoon. His adjustment to the new living situation was as amazing as was his acceptance by my four teenage children. While their getting used to a stepmother took a lot longer, they were uniformly concerned and affectionate with the little boy that suddenly had become their stepbrother. While Carolyn at seventeen treated him as any adult would handle a child with disabilities, Bob, the youngest at ten, immediately showed a genuine affection for Colman., John, who was eleven and Susan at thirteen were a little less demonstrative but all four seemed to like the idea of a little boy in need of extra care and attention being in their midst.

Colman, who could not speak, was slowly but steadily learning to communicate with a vocabulary all his own. We all soon learned that Carolyn was "Bawa", Susan was "Thu", John was "Ja" and Bob was actually "Bob". I became "Daddy" and Peig was "Peii", Over time we learned to have actual

conversation with Colman- as long as we stuck to subjects that he knew and understood. Abstractions were clearly out, but his favorite ball team, the Oakland Athletics, were the “A’s” and he wore their jacket proudly and constantly. Whether he actually ever understood the game is still unclear to me at this time, but he certainly watched them on TV, delighted to attend the ball games where getting a hamburger and a coke were the highlight of the trip.

One of Colman’s special attributes was his sense of humor and his absolute acceptance of everyone around him. If he held any grudges, it didn’t show. This doesn’t mean that life with Colman was an uninterrupted joy. His stubbornness occasionally came out. Sometimes Peig or I actually had to hold him down until he got over his tantrum. One time, I recall, I actually had to put him in the shower, with all his clothes on, until he realized that the game was lost. The key to our ultimate success in bringing up Colman- and success, meaning that he developed into a generally happy and relatively problem-free child and young adult, was Peig’s insistence, right from the start, that he be treated as a normal child. He made sure that Peig would pay attention to his medication, mostly for seizures which he experienced for a number of years as he grew into manhood. In general he was always in pretty good health---greatly helped, however, by Prozac which helped him maintain his mental equilibrium. This drug helped him to control his anger and attitude. He felt more confident about himself. Sometime he would look in the mirror when getting up in the morning and say: “Hi, me!” He was expected to obey, to help with those chores that he was able to do (e.g. set and clear the tables, dry the dishes, bring the laundry make his bed (more or less), get dressed (except for tying his shoes) and take out the garbage. In fact we soon learned that those chores that he was able to perform actually gave him pleasure- and as he grew older, he was able to do more and more by himself. Colman never missed a beat, picking up many behaviors from those around him. We successfully brought him back to his native Ireland several times and he realized on those trips that he was part of a greater family who loved him, and whose love he would return in kind. He would remember all the people whom he met and, by the end of the trip, he would have them all paired off correctly in the family hierarchy. One of his major accomplishments when a teenager was to be able to take the bus by himself – the bus that took him downtown to his “day job” – i.e. the place where several dedicated young women started a very special day program for disabled young men and women (see below). One day he decided to walk the five miles all the way by himself - and we figured that he did so by following the route that the bus took in delivering him daily. Occasionally, when his caretakers neglected to make him go to the bathroom prior to boarding he bus, he would wet his pants –something which all of us learned to take in stride. However, when this happened while changing buses downtown, he approached a policeman, showed him proudly his “police badge” (his I.D. bracelet) and the policeman put him in his car and brought him home. You should have seen Colman’s proud face when he arrived. After we discovered what he had done, we asked him if he was tired. He said: “Yes!” When we asked if

he would do it again, he shook his head and said, emphatically, "Un Un". At another occasion (I think it was one of his teenage birthdays) he was given a ride in a long sleek limousine which picked him up at our house to take him to a dance. Colman was thrilled. When John got married to Peggy Woo in the mid-eighties, he and I both attended a fancy wedding dinner in San Francisco. When, at the end of the dinner, he and I formed a line to say goodbye to the largely Chinese guests, I started to say "good-bye" in Chinese and Colman, dutifully, copied me and both of us were highly successful in bridging the cultural divide that evening!

One puzzle which Peig and I struggled with for years was what caused Colman's retardation. Peig speculated that it might have been hydrocephalus upon birth; it wasn't until he was a young adult and the brain scan machine had been invented, we discovered that the cause was that he lacked the "corpus colossus" which connects the left and right cerebral hemisphere and facilitates interhemispheric communication. At one time I tried to teach Colman how to communicate with symbols from a book for children who could not speak, but Colman would have none of it. He preferred to develop his own method of learning- and learning he did, to an amazing degree. After several years in his day program, the "Personal Centered Services" (PCS), he had learned to play games on the computer, to do some elementary cooking, to sort and stuff envelopes for United Way, to order whatever he wanted in a restaurant (usually by pointing..) and follow instructions for other new activities. This program was started by two wonderful young women, Laura Moore and Ann Macy, who believed that young persons like Colman should have the right to choose one of several possible activities every day and thus have some control over their lives. They left their previous job at a more traditional day program for retarded adults and founded PCS. This was a life-changing philosophy, not only for their clients but also for us parents and reduced greatly the stress that normally occurs when the mentally disabled feel unfulfilled in their lives. They trained the clients to make their own choices. A major reason for his significant intellectual development was that for eighteen years Colman was lucky enough to gain two sets of parents. From his twenty fourth birthdays until his death at the age of forty-two he had spent the weekdays and alternate weekends at Haynes Enterprises, a boarding program run by an Irish- American couple Ron and Ida Haynes. Prior to that, Colman had stayed at several other care homes since leaving school at the age of eighteen -some reasonably good and some awful. Ron and Ida operated what I can only describe as "the perfect room and board program for (mostly young) retarded adults. Both Ron and Ida were registered nurses. Ida and Peig both had emigrated from Ireland and immediately formed a close friendship. Ron and Ida ran a tight ship. Colman learned all sorts of chores- which included setting and clearing tables, hanging up the laundry and- in general- doing whatever he was told to do. Because Ron and Ida combined their professional expertise with a great deal of affection for their three dozen clients, all of them formed a natural and lasting affection for their two "foster parents" and this certainly was so in

Colman's case. It used to amaze and please us that as much as he enjoyed coming home on alternate weekends and follow his routine at home, he equally was happy to return to Ron and Ida's. "Routine" in fact, was what made Colman happy. His routine when coming home never varied. He loved his own room –where he could sleep whenever he wanted to – (the blanket with the Tiger on it had to be facing the right way, of course!). He enjoyed going out into the street and to "talk" with all the neighbors- all of whom got to know him and, to their credit, accepted him the way he was and treated him with kindness and understanding. He sat in the den and watched television (baseball games, parades) and enjoyed eating. Colman was the least problematic child about eating that I have ever met. He ate everything you put in front of him, and ate it down to the last morsel. If there was any sauce left on the plate, he insisted on a piece of bread to soak it up. The only food that he did not like was Yoghurt – and once we knew that, it was no problem for us.

As Colman became older, he was able to participate in more meaningful activities. PCS had started an "Employment Services" department, in which some of the higher functioning clients were able to do simple yard work for outside clients and they received a nominal salary. Colman loved being a part of this group and while operating electric mowers or trimmers was a little too complicated, he was able to do a number of chores. Peig and I have a photograph of him, in full uniform -i.e. a yellow vest- smiling radiantly while posing with a leaf blower. Colman loved money and recognized its generic value. I don't think he ever knew exactly what the various coins and bills meant, but he knew that money bought him Pepsi Colas (one of his favorite drinks), hamburgers, hot dogs and milk shakes. I remember that once, when he became eighteen and we took him into a casino in Reno, he played the slot machines and won about 50 quarters. He scooped them into a small cardboard bucket and went outside to the sidewalk and proudly showed off his winnings to any passerby whom might be interested. As he got older, playing the slot machine interested him less and less, but winning was always important to him. Once, when I took him to the annual Japanese festival in Stockton, we sat down to play Bingo. After about 30 minutes and we had not won anything I had had enough, but Colman fiercely resisted, feeling that we ought to stay until he would win something. Having learned this, when I took him to the horse races at the annual County Fair, I made sure to place a \$2 bet on the favorite horse "to show" and that often gave us a small reward, but Colman was thrilled to be able to show his winning ticket and collect perhaps four to six dollars as his winnings.

When Colman died suddenly of a choking incident at the age of forty-two during a camping trip, I had been his adoptive father for thirty-seven years and from my point of view- even though I generally followed Peig's example in rearing him, he was every bit my own son as were my other four children. I recall that shortly after he joined us in 1970, I decided to adopt him and made my four children skip school in order to attend the event. I had dressed in a formal suit, studied up on what to say, and was

expecting to plead my case in the court room before Judge John Checcini. It so happened that Judge Checcini was a neighbor of ours and had gotten to know my family fairly well; when it came time for my “presentation”, he called Peig and me into his chambers, congratulated us on our decision, signed some papers and excused us –and I never had a chance to act as my own attorney!

Peig and I were at his bedside for several days while he lay in a coma. Peig would talk with him and he was sometime able to respond by squeezing her hand. At least we had a chance to become prepared (as much as one can) for his eventual demise and when the doctors told us that there was no hope for Colman to have a normal existence, we –with difficulty but certainty – agreed to let him go. There isn’t a day when we don’t think of Colman (always remember him every morning after my shower because I remember teaching him how to flip- the towel so that he could dry his own back. We also realize that Colman died “at the top of his game”, so to speak, a happy man loved by everyone who knew him and who returned such love to anyone willing to accept it. At Colman’s funeral at St. Joachim’s Catholic Church, where our beloved Parish Priest, Fr. Michael Kelly, as well as his brother Bob , sister Carolyn, and speakers from Haynes and PCS gave him a heart-warming send-off, there was standing room only because it was filled with his friends, care-givers and so many others who knew and loved him. Peig and I are lucky for having had Colman in our lives and that, alone, has made him unforgettable and has enriched our lives forever.
